

of daynty deuises.

Fol.2.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne:
They say my youtch is fied with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musick is harmonicall:
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how therto I shall.
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares haue,
No woyse them take them I haue ment:
That after they be layde in grāue,
Their soules may ioy their līnes wel spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to be.

F I N I S. W. Hunis.

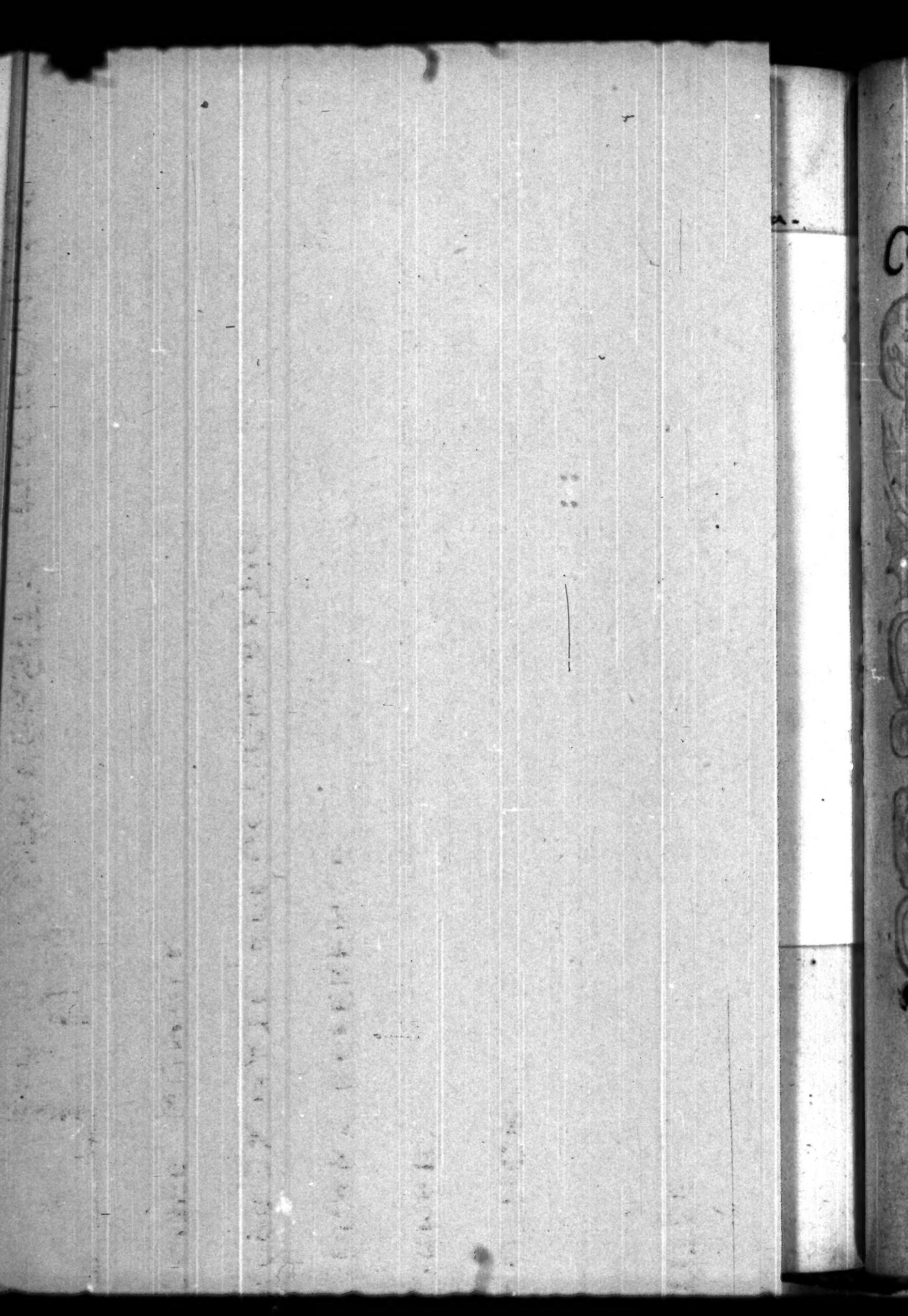
3. Beware of bad I wylt.

B Eware of had I wylt, whose fine bringes care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deemd thou art:
So shall thy perfect freend, enjoy his hoped hyre,
And faithlesse fawning foe, shall misse the effect of his desyre.
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape despite,
A faithlesse freend shall find distrust, and loue shall reape delice.
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy freend shall ioy thy face,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall ioy thy state.
But this my sond advise, may serue purchaunce but bayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then howe a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teach to find a freend,
But safelby how to loue and leauue, is all that I entend. *a difficult point*
And yf your prooue in part, and find my counsell true,
Then wylsh me well for my good wyl, tis all I craue adue.

aduise

F I N I S. My lucke is losse.

B.i. 6. My



THE PARADYSSE of daynty deuises.

VI

Conteyning sundry pithy preceptes, learned
Counsels, and excellent iuentiones, right pleasant
and profitable for all estates.

Desised and written for the most part, by M. Edwardes,
sometimes of her Majesties Chappell: the rest,
by sundry learned Gentlemen, both of honor,
and worship, whose names here-
after folowe.

(..)

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2 1578.



Saint Barnard
E. 2000.
Lord Vaux, the elder,
VV. Hunis.

Jasper Heyvood
F. Kindlemarshe
D. Sand.
M. Yloop.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
norable Sir Henry Compton
Knight, Lord Compton
of Compton.



RIGHT HONORABLE, AND
my verye good Lord, (presuming vpon your curtesy) I
am bolde to present vnto your honor, this smale volvme
Entituled The Paradise of deyntye deuises, being pen-
ned by diuers learned Gentlemen and collected toge-
ther through the trauell of one, both of vvorshipp and
credite, for his priuate vse: who not long sinc departed this life, vvhich
vwhen I had perused ouer, not vvitout the aduise of sundry my freendes,
I determined by their good motion, to set the in print, who therunto great-
lye persuaded me, vvit these and like vwords: The vvyrters of them, were
both of honor and worshipp, besides that our ovne country men, and
such as for their learning and grauitie, might be accompted among the
wifest. Furthermore, the dittis both pithy & pleasant, as wel for the inuentiō
as meter, and vwill yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aply
made to be sette to any song in .5. partes, or song to instrument. VVhich
well considering, I porpoised not to forsake so good an occasion, bese-
ching your honor to accept it in good parte, cheefely for the au-
thours sake: who thoughte some of them are departed this life,
yet their worthy doings shall continue for cuer: for like as
the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth ver-
tue: and as the shadow goeth somtimes before, and
sometimes behinde, so doth praise also to vertue:
but the later it commeth, the greater it is. &
to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing
to offend your honor with these my
rude speches, I ende, wishing
your L. m: ny yeeres
of ioy

Your good Lordships wholy to
commaynd. H. D.



The translation of the blessed S. Barnards
verses, conteining the vnsatble felicitie of this
wayfaring world.

CV R mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est transitoria;
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia quam vasa figura, que sunt fragilia.

W H D dooth eache state apply it selfe to worldly prayse?

And vndertake such toyle, to heape vp honours gayne:
Whose seate, though seeming sure, on sickle fortune stapes,
Whose giftes were never proved, perpetuall to remayne.
But even as earthen pot, with every fillip fayles,
So fortunes fauour flies, and lame with honour quayles.

Plus credere litteris, scriptis in glacia, quam mundi fragilis, vene fallacie.
Fallax in premis, virtutis specie, que nunquam habuit, tempus fiducie.

Thinke rather firme to find, a figure grauen in Ise,
Whose substance subiect is, to heate of shining sunne:
Then hope for stedfast stay, in wanton worlds deuise,
Whose fayned sond delightes, from falled forge doo come.
And vnder Vertues veyle, are largely deale about,
Deceiving thole, who thinke their date will never out.

Magis credendum est viris fallacibus, quam mundi misericordiis prosperitatibus
Falsis insanis & voluptatibus, falsis quoque studiis & vanitatis.

The trifeling truchles tongue, of rumours lying lippe,
Deserues more trust, then dooth the highest happy hap:
That world to worldinges giues, for see how honour fayles,
To foolish sond conceytes, to pleasures poysned fay.
To studyes false in prooife, to artes applied to gayne,
To sickle fancies toyes, which wisedome deemeth bayne.

Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis? vel ubi Sampson est, dux invincibilis?
Vel dulcis Ionathas, multum amabilis? vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis
Where is the sacred king, that Salomon the wise?
Whose wisedome, former time of duety did commend:
Where is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in syze?
Whose forced arme, dyd cause the mighty pillars bend.
Where is the pearles Prince, the frendly Ionathas?
Dy Absolon, whose shape and fauour did surpassee.

S. Barnards verses.

*Quo Cæsar abiit? celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus in prændio.
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio.*

Where is that Cæsar now, whose high renowned fame,
Of sundry conquestes wonne, through out the world did sound?
Dy Dives rich in store, and rich in richly name,
Whose chest with gold and dishē with daynties did abound.
Where is the passing grace of Tullies pledging skill?
Dy Aristotle bayne, whose pen had witte and will?

*O esca vermium, o massa pulueris, o ros, o vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus utru cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris.*

Dy foode of filchy wome, oh lump of lothsome clay,
Dy life ful like the deame, which morning sunne doth wast:
Dy shadow bayne, whose shape with sunne dooth shynke away,
Why gloriest thou so much, in honour to be plastre?
With that no certayne houre of life thou doste enjoy,
Most fyt it were thy time to goodnesse to employ.

*Quam breue festū est, bæc mundi gloria, ut umbra hominū, sic eius gaudia.
Quæ semper substrabit eterna præmia, & ducunt hominum, ad dura crux.*

How short a banquet seemes the pomp of high renowne?
How like the senseles shape of shinering shadow thine?
Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh downe,
Our harts from hope, & hands from works, which heauen should win.
And takes vs from the trod, which guides to enlesse gayne,
And sets vs in the way, that leades to lasting payne

*Hec mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, sacris in litteris, flos feni dicitur.
Ut leue folium, quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominum, bac vita tollitur.*

The pompe of worldly prayse, which worldlings hold so deere,
In holy sacred booke, is likened to a flowre:
Whose date dooth not conteyne, a weeke, a moneth, or yeare,
But springing now, dooth fade againe within an houre,
And as the lightest lease, with wind about is thowne,
So light is life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS. My luke is losse.

Hoc dicit procerus Seneca. Potentia nostra non omnia.

The Paradise

I. Our pleasures are vanities.

BEBOLDE the blast, which blowes the blossomes from the tree,
The end whereof, consumes and comes to nought we see:
Ere thou therefore, be blowen from life that may not last,
Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

Hauē mind on b̄ittle lyfe, whose pleasures are but hayne,
On death like wile bethinke, how thou maiest not remayne :
And feare thy Lord to greeue, which sought thy soule to saue,
To sinne no more be bent, but mercy aske and haue.

For death who dooth not spare, the kings on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life, and will :
That lyfe which yet remaynes, and in thy brest appeares,
Hath sowne in thee such seedes, you ought to weede with teares.

And life that shall succeede, when death is wonne and past,
Shall spring for euer then, in ioy or payne to last :
Where death on life hath powre ye see, that life also,
Hath mowen the frutes of death, which never more shall grow.

F I N I S. W. Hunis.

2. Who waytetb on this wanering world, and verewth each estate,
an estate By tryall taught shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.

Amid the vale the slender thimbe, is hid from all mishap,
Talhen taller tree that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clap.
The Turrets tops which touch the cloudes, are beat with every blast,
Soone shuiered ate their stones with storme, and quickly ouer cast,
Best bodied tree in all the wood, for tymbre beame is found,
And to the are the sturdiest Dre, dooth yeeld and fall to ground.
The highest hill dooth soonest keele, the flash of lightnings flame,
And soone decayes the pomp and pryde, of high renowned name.
Of all the heard the huntman seekes, by proule as dooth appere,
With double forked arrowe head, to wound the greatest Deare.
The hauntest head of all the droue, enioyes the shoxtest life,
And stains the slaughter house with blood, at pricke of butchers knise.
Thus

of daynty deuises.

Fol. I.

Thus what thing hyest place ateynes, is soonest ouerthowne,
What euer Fortune sets a lost, she threates to chow it downe.
And though no force resist thy power, nor seeke thee to confound,
Yet dooth the payse of weighty things, decline it selfe to ground.
For restlesse tipe of roulling wheele, example hath it tryde,
To heauy burden yeelde it must ful soone, and slip abyde.
What bayles the rich his bed of down, þ sighes for sleplesse thought,
What time in couch of flock the poore, sleepes sound & seareth noughe.
At homely boord his quiet foode, his drynkes in treene be cane,
When oft the proud in cuppes of gold, with wine receive their bane.
The bed, the board, the dread in dout, with trayne to be opprest,
When fortune frounes, their power must yeelde, as wyre unto þ wret.
If Icarus had not presumed to high to take his flight,
He had not yet ben drowned in Seas, that now Itarion hight.
If Phaeton had not enterprised to guide his fathers seate,
His fires had not enflamed the world, nor ben destroyed with heate.
But who so climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
The higher by the sonner downe, and nearer his decay.
Then you that here in pompe or place, to guide the golden race,
Let crowne and Scepter both obay the meane of Vertues race.
For neither shall renowned Vertue see the pit of hell,
Nor yet in coombe of Marble stonye, she may abide to dwell.
But from Sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the skies aboue,
And glistering in the blisful starnes, she raines with mighty tone.

FINIS. Jasper Heywood.

3. The perfect tryall of a faythfull freend

a fren.

N Ot stayed state, but feeble stay, not costly robes, but bare aray:
Not passed welth, but preseruat, not heped strok but sclender skat
Not plenties purse, but poore estate, not happy hap, but froward fate:
Not wish at wil, but wat of ioy, not harts good helth but harts annoy:
No fredomes vse, but prisoners thral, nor costly seate, but lowest fall:
Not weale I meane, but wretched wo, dorh truly try, þ feend frþ foe:
And nowght but frowarde Fortune prooues, who fauning faines, or
(simply loues.)

FINIS. M. Yloop.

A. iiiii.

4. Beuing

The Paradise

ur head.

4. Being asked the occasion of his white heare,
be answe'ret thus.

Wher seething sighes and sorowes sobbes,
Hath slaine the slippes that nature set:
And scalding shoures wch stony throbbe,
The kindly sappe from them hath set.
What woorder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Wher thought hath chylde and thowne his speares,
To hurt the herte that harmeth him not:
And groaning griefe hath ground sorow teares,
Myne eyne to staine, my face to spot.
What woorder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Wher pinching paine himselfe hath plasse,
There peace with pleasures were possesse:
And wher the walles of wealth lye waste,
And pouertye in them is prest.
What woorder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Wher wretched woe will weave her webbe,
Wher care the clewe can catch and cast:
And flooddes of joy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last.
What woorder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

These heares of age are messengers,
Whiche bidde me fast, repente, and pray:
They be of death the harbinger,
That doothe prepare and bresle the way.
Wherefore I say that you may see,
Upon my head such heares to be.

They

of daynty deuises.

Fol.2.

They be the lines that lead the lengoh,
How farre my race is for to runne :
They say my youth is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musick is harmonicall :
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how there to I shall
Wherefore I joy that you may see,
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares haue,
No worse them take them I haue ment:
That after they be layde in graue,
Their soules may ioy their lues wel spent,
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head such heares to be.

F.I.N.I.S. W. Hunis.

3. Beware of bad I wylst.

B Beware of had I wylst, whose fine byngs care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deserue, and deeme as deemd thou art :
So shall thy perfect freend, enjoy his hoped hyre,
And faichlesse fawning soe, shall misse the effect of his desyre.
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape despite,
A faichlesse freend shall find distrust, and loue shall reape delite,
Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy freend shall ioy thy fate,
Thy soe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall ioy thy state,
But this my sond advise, may seeme purchaunce but bayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then howe a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teach to find a freend,
But safelby how to loue and leauue, is all that I intend. *a difficult point*
And yf you prooue in part, and find my counsell true,
Then wylsh me well for my goon wyl, tis all I craue adue.

advise

F.I.N.I.S. My lucke is losse. B.i. 6. My

The Paradise

6. M. Edwards MAY.

When MAY is in his prime, then MAYeche hart reioyce,
Wher MAY bedecks eche branch with greene, ech bico streen
The lively sappe creepes, by into the bloming thronne, (forch his voice
The flowres, whch cold in prison kept, now laughes y frost to skorne,
All natures Impes triumphes, whiles ioyful may doth last,
When MAY is gone, of all the yeere the pleasant time is past.

MAY makes the cheerfull hue, MAY breeds & brings new blood.
MAY marcheth throughout every lym, MAY makes y merry mood,
MAY pricketh tender harts, their warbling notes to tune,
Ful strange it is, yet some we see, doe make their MAY in Iane.
Thus thinges are strangly wrought, whiles ioyful MAY doth last,
Take MAY in time, when MAY is gone, the pleasant time is past.

All yelat line on earth, and haue your MAY at will,
Reioyce in MAY, as I doe now, and vse your MAY with Skill.
Use MAY, whyle that you may, for MAY hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
Your liking and your lust, is freshe whyles MAY dooth last,
When MAY is gone, of all the yeere, the pleasant time is past.

FINIS. M. Edwardes. vide Cabell
de aduentn beris fol. 17.

7. Faire words make fooles faine.

aire
wordes *F*or youtful yeeres when first my young desyres began,
*F*o pricke me forth to serue in Court a slender tal young man:
My fathers blessing then I aske vpon my knnee,
Who blessing me with trembling hand, chese words gan say to me:
My sonne, God guide thy way, and shild thee from mischaunce,
And make thy iust desartes in Court, thy poore estate to aduaunce:
Yet when thou art become one of the Courtly trayne,
Thinke on this prouerbe old(qd he) that faire words make soles fain.

This counsell grauely giuen, most straunge appeares to me,
Till trace of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see:
What subtil sleightes are wrought by painted tales devise,
When hollow harts with frendly shewes the simple do entise.

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 3.

To thinke all gold that shines to feede their fond desire,
Whose shewering cold is warmde with smoke, in stead of flaming fire:
Sith talke of tickle trust, dooth breed a hope most bayne,
This prouerbe true by prose I find, that faire words make fooles fain,

Faire speach alway dooth wel, where deedes insue faire words,
Faire speach agayn alway dooth euill, that bushes giues for birdes.
Who hopes to haue faire words, to trye his lucky lot,
If I may counsell, let him strike it whyle the iron is hot.
But them that feede on cloddes, in stead of pleasant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gapes
Ful loth I am, yet must I tel them in words playne,
This prouerbe old proves true in them, that faire words makes fooles
(fayne,

Wo worth the time that words, so slowly turne to deedes,
Wo worth the time þ faire swete flouers, are growen to rotten weedes
But thise wo worth the time, that truth away is fled,
Wherin I see how simple harts, with words are baynely fed.
Trust not faire words therfore, Where no deedes do ensue,
Trust words, as skilful falkeners do trust Hawkes that never flicke,
Trust deedes, let words be words, which never wrought me gaine,
Let my experience make you wise, and let words make fooles faine.

F I N I S. M. Edwardes.

8. In his extreame sicknesse.

*W*hat greeues my bones, and makes my body faint? sickness.
What prickes my flesh and teares my head in twayne?
Why doe I wake, when rest should me attaint?
When others laugh, why do I liue in payne?
I tolle, I turne, I chaunge from side to side,
And stretch me oft, in sorowes linkes betyde.

I tolle, as one betost in wavess of care,
I turne, to flee the woes of lothsome life:
I change, to spy if death this corpes might spare,
I stretch, to heauen to ridde me of this strife:
Thus doe I stretch, and change, and tolle, and turne,
Whyle I in hope of heauen my life do burie.

The Paradise

Then hold the still, let be thy heauynesse,
Abolish care, for geat thy pining woe :
For by this meanes soone shal thou find redresse,
Wherof betost, hence thou to heauen must goe.
Then tolle, and turne, and tumble franke and free,
D happy thyse, when thou in heauen shalt be.

F I N I S. L. Vaux.

9. For Christmas day.

Reioyce reioyce with heart and voyce,
In Christes birth this day reioyce.

From Virgins wombe this day did spring,

The precious seede that only sauad man :

This day let man reioyce and sweetely sing,

Since on this day saluacion first began.

This day did Christ man soule from death remoue.

With gloriouſe saintes to dwelle in heauen aboue,

This day to man, came pledge of perfect peace,

This day to man, came loue and vnitie :

This day mans griefe began for to surcease,

This day did man receiue a remedie.

For each offence and every deadly sinne,

With guiltie hart that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke, let loue be surely plaste,

From Christes flocke, let concord hate expell.

Of Christes flocke let loue be lo embrasse,

As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwel.

Christ is the authour of all vnitie,

From whence proceedeth all felicite.

O sing unto this glittering glorious king,

O prayse his name let every living thing,

Let hart and voyce like Belles of siluer ring,

The comfort that this day did bring.

Let Lute, let Shalme, with sound of sweete delight,

The ioy of Christes birth this day delight.

F I N I S. E. Kindlemanſh.

IO. For

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 5.

IO. For Easter day. *Item* Paule saith to you in his Epistole to the Corinthisches.

easter
daie

All mortal men this day reioice, in Christe that you redeemed hath,
By death to death sing we to voice, to him þ hath appesd gods wrath
Due unto man for sinful path, wherein before he went astray,
Giue thankes to him with perfect faith that for man kinde hath made
(this glorious day.
This day he rose frõ tombe again, wherin his precious corse was laid,
Whom cruelly þ Jewes had slaine, with bloodywounds ful il araid;
O man be now no more dismayed, if thou henceforth from sin do stay,
Of death thou needest not be astrайд, Christe conquered death for thyg
(his glorious day.

His death preuailed had not whitt, As Paule þ apostle wel doth write:
Except he had uprisen yet, from death to life by Godlike myght:
With most triumphant glittering light,
This day his glorie shined I say, and made vs brigthe as sunne thyg
(glorious day
O man arise with Christ therfore, since he from sin hath made thee fre,
Beware thou fall in sunne no more, but rise as Christ did rise for thee:
So maist thou him in glory see, when he at day of doome shall say,
Come thou my child and dwelle with me, God graunt vs all to see that

FINIS. quoth Jasper Haywood. (glorious day.

II. For Whitunday.

Come holy ghost eternall God, and ease the wosfull greefe,
That through the heapes of heauy sin, can nowhere finde releefe.
Doo thou O God redresse The great distresse
Of sinful heauiness.
Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes of my coasined hart,
Dryd the pearcing pricking paynes of my tormenting smart:
O holy ghost graunt me That I by thee
From sunne may purged be.

B.iii.

Thou

The Paradise

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cause,
No^r glittering gold nor precious stone, shall make me leue thy laws:

O teach me then the way

Wherby I may

Make thee my onely stay.

My lippes, my tongue, my hart and al, shall spread thy mighty name,
My boyce shall never cease to sound, the prayses of the same:

Vea euery living thing

Shall sweetely sing

To thee (O heavenly king.)

FINIS. F. K.

loue faufuld 12. No pleasure without some paine.

Sweete were the iopes that both might like and last,

Strange were the state exempt from all distresse:

Happy the life that no mishap shold toll,

Blessed the chaunce might never change successe.

There such a life to lead, or state to prove,

Who would not wish that such a life were loue.

But O the soury sauce of sweete bnsire,

When pleasures flye and flit with wast of wind:

The trussesse traynes that hoping harts allure,

When sweete delights do but allure the mind,

When care consumes and wastes the wretched wight,

Whyle fancie feedes and drazmes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine?

But O that paine with pleasure match shoud meeke:

Why did the course of nature so ordayne,

That sugred sowe must squale the bitter sweete.

Which sowe from sweete might any meanes remoue,

What hap, what heauen, what life, were like to loue.

FINIS. W. R.

13. Who

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 5.

13. Who mindes to bring his Shippe to happy shore
Must care to know the lawes of wisedomes lore.

My freend, if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whom the truth by tryall well appeares : wisedome
Nought worth is wit til it be dearely bought,
There is no wisedome but in hoary heares.
Yet if I may of wisedome oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse :
Then to my words my freend thy eare encline,
The thinges that make thee wise are these I gesse,

Feare God, and know thy selfe in each degree,
Be freend to all, familiar but to fewe :
To light of credite see thou never be,
For tryall ought in trust dooth treason shewe,
To others faultes cast not too much thy eye,
Accuse no man of guile, amend thy owne :
Of medling much doch mischiefe oughte arise,
And oft debate by tickle tongue is sowne.

rules of a
wary life.

What thing thou wilt hane hyd, to none declare,
In word or deeple beware of had I will :
So spend thy good that some thou ever spare,
For frendes like Hawkes doo soare from emptie fift,
Cut out thy coate according to thy cloth,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flee,
Believe not him that once hath broke his troth,
Nor yet of gift with out desert be free.

Time quickly slips beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth repents a painful age :
Begin nothing without an eye to thend,
Nor bow thine eare from counsell of the sage,
If thou too farre let out thy fancy slip,
And wiclesse will from reasons rule oustart :
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And soore the stripes of shame shall cause the smart.

The Paradise

To doo too much for old men is but lost,
Of freendship had to women comes like grayne :
Bestow not thou on children too much cost,
For what thou doest for these is all in vaine.
The olde man, or he can requite, he dyes,
Unconstant is the womans wavering mind:
Ful soone the boy thy freindship will despyle,
And him for loue thou shalt vngreatfull find.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the Reede that waggis with wind :
There may no trust in tender yeres be found,
And of the three, the boy is most vnkind.
If thou haue found a fathful freind in deede,
Beware thou lose not loue of such a one :
He shall sometime stand ches in better ficede,
Then treasure great of gold or precious stome.

F I N I S. Jasper Heywood.

fortune

14. Of the unconstant stay of Fortunes giftes. vid. 34.

FF Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false, and fickle :
This day she seemes to smile, to morow will she frowne,
What now shee sets aloft, anone she throweth downe :
Fly Fortunes flye deceytes, let Vertue be thy guide,
If that you doo intend i[n] happy state to abide.

Upon the settled rocke thy building surest standes,
Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes :
Dame Vertue is the rocke, that yeeldes assured stay,
Dame Fortune is the sand, that knoweth soone aways
Choose that is certaine, let thinge vncertayne passe,
Preferre the precious gold, before the brittle glasse.

Sly Fortune hath her sligthes, she plaies upon the packe,
Looke whom she fauours most, at length she turnes to wacke :

But

But Vertue simply deales, she shuns deceitful trayne,
Who is by Vertue raysed vp, shall never fal agayne :
Sticke fast to Vertue then, that giues assured trust,
And flye from Fortunes frekes, that euer prove vntrust

FINIS. F. K.

15. Promise is debt.

In my accompt the promise that is bowed,
Among the good is holder such a debt:
As he is thought no whit to be allowey,
That setteth light his promise to forget.
And for my part I will not linke in loue,
With fickle folke whose fancies ought remoue.

My happy gaine I do esteeme for such,
As fewe haue found in these our doubtful dayes :
To find a freend I thinke it be as much,
As to win a fox ful fraught of noble prayse.
Of all the goods that there may be possell,
A faithfull freend I judge to be the best.

O freendly league althoough to late begun,
Per time shall trye our trouth as well imployed :
And that we both shall see that we haue won,
Such fastned faich as can not be destroyed.
By emious rage or slaunders bitter blowe,
That alwayes seekes the good to ouerthrowe.

FINIS. R. Hill.

16. No words, but deedes.

The wrong is great, the payne aboue my power,
That yeeldes such care in doubtfull dens to dwyne :
Such hap is hard wher Fortune doth so lower,
As freendly looke is turnd to froward frowne.

The Paradise

Is this the trust that faithfull freendes can finde?
With those that yet haue promise broke?
By deedes in doute, as though no wordes can bind,
A bolwed freend to hold him to his yoke.

O faithlesse freend, what can assure your mind,
That doubtes so soone before you haue cause why?
To what hard hap doth Fortune here me bind,
When wordes nor deedes can no where satisfye.
What can I write? that hath not oft binne saide,
What haue I sayd? that hath not binne assaymed?
What not approued? that ought to be assayed,
Or what is bolwed? that shall nos be perfourmed.

Cast of mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes brenest:
No doubt at all, but trust me if I lie,
My deedes shall proue, that all is for the best.
And this beleeme, the Sea shall cease to stowe,
The Sunne to shine within the scelde skye:
All thinges on earth shall leauie to spring and groome,
Ne every Foule shall want his winges to fye.

Care I in thought shall seeme once to retyre,
If you my freend remaine as I desyre:
Howe lose no time, but use that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

FINIS. R. D.

17. He desyreteth exchange of life.

THE day delayed, of that I most de mishe,
Wherewith I feede and starue in one degree?
With wish and want still serued in one dishe,
Alme as dead, by proose as you may see.
To whom of old this prouerbe wel it serues,
While grasse dooth grow, the selly horse he sterues.

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 7.

Tweene these extremes thus doo I come the rate,
Of my poore life this certaynly I know:
Tweene would and want unwarely that do passe,
More swifte then shot out of Archers bow.
As Spidre drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the may.

And as by yroose the greedy dogge doth gnatue,
The bared bone all onely for the taste:
So to and fro this lochsome life I drawe,
With fancies forst and fed with daine repast.
Narissus brought unto the water brinke,
So aye thrist I, the more that I do drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not sicke,
With smart unseene my selfe, my selfe I weare:
With prone desire and power that is not quicke,
With hope aloft now drenched in dispayre.
Trained in trust so no reward assignd,
The more I hast, the more I come behind.

With hure to heale, in frozen yse to frie,
With losse to laugh, this is a wonderous case:
Fast fetred here, is forst away to flie,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chasse.
With winges and spurres, for all the hast I make,
As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon desert,
The life is irke of ioyes that be delayed:
The time is shrot for to require the smart,
That dooth proceede of promise long vnpayed.
That to the last of this my fainting breach,
I wish exchange of life for happy death.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

The Paradise

repentant
dier.

18. Of the instabilitie of youth. vid 175. 2004 quire

WHEN I looke backe and in my selfe beholde,
The wandring wayes that youth coulde not descry :
And markt the fearful course that youth did hold ,
And mette in mind, eache steppe youth strayed a wy.
My knees I bowe, and from my hart I call,
O Lord, forget these faultes and follies all.

For now I see, how boyde youth is off'ill,
I see also his prime time and his end :
I doo confesse my faultes and all my ill,
And sorrow soore, for that I did offend,
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I aske for youth, ten thousand times.

The humble hart, hath daunted the prouid mind,
The wisedome hath giuen ignorance a fall :
And wit hath caught, that folly could not find,
And age hath youth, her subiect and her thall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truch,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that diddest graunt the wise-king his request,
Thou that in the Whale, thy prophet didst preserve :
Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest,
Thou that didst save the theefe in state to sterue.
Thou onely God, the givere of all grace,
Wipe out of mind, the path of youthes baine race.

Thou that by power, to life didst raise the dead.
Thou that restorest the blind to sight :
Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bled,
Thou that of fauour, madest the lame goe righte,
Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all assayes,
Forgive the gulch, that grewe in youthes baine wayes.

End

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 8.

And now since I, with faith and doubleesse mind,
Doo sye to thee by prayet to appease thy yre:
And since that thee I onely seeke to finde,
And hope by faith to attayne my iust desire.
Lord mind no more youthes error and vnskill,
And able age, to doo thy holy will.

FINIS. L. Vxx.

19. Most happy is that state alone,
Where words and deedes agree in one.

B
By paynted wordes, the silly simple man,
To trustlesse trap, is trayned now and than: } faire words
And by conseyt, of sweete alluring tale,
He bites the baits, that breedes his bitter bale. }
To beawties blaze, cast not thy rousing eye:
In pleasant greene, doo stinging serpents lye. } faire shewes
The golden p̄ill, hath but a bitter tast,
In glittering glasse, a popson raukest plastre. }
So pleasant wordes, without performing deedes:
May well be deemed to spring of Darnel seedes. }
The frendly deede is it, that quickly tryes:
Where trussey faith, and frendly meaning lyes. } tree frendship
That state therefore most happy seemes to be:
Where wordes and deedes, most faithfully agree.

My frend yf thou wile keepe thy honest name:
Fly from the blot, of barking slaunders blame. } no frendler nor
Let not in word thy promise be more large:
Then thou in deede, art willing to discharge. } rafte promise
Abhorred is that false dissembling broode:
That seemes to heare two faces in one boode,
to say a thing, and not to meane the same:
Wyll turne at length to losse of thy good name.
Wherefore my frend, let double dealing gve:
In stead whereof, let perfect playneness have.

C.iii.

Doo

The Paradise

Doo thou no more, in idle wordes excede;
Then thou intendes to doe, in very deede.
So good report, shall spreade thy worthy prayses;
For being full in word and deede alwayes.

You worldly wightes that worldly dooers are:
Before you let your word slip out to farre,
Consider well, what inconuenience springes:
By breache of promise made, in lawfull thinges,
First, God mislikes where such deceit doth swarne;
Next, it renoundeth unto thy neigbourous harme.
And last of all, which is not least of all:
For such offence, thy conscience suffer shall.
As barren groundes, bringes forth but rotten weedes;
From barren words, so fruitlesse chaffe proceedes,
As sauery flowres, doo spring in fertil ground:
So trusty frendes, by tryall soone are found.
To shunne therefore the woost, that may ensue:
Let deedes alway, approue thy sayings true.

F I N I S. F. K.

20. Who wyll aspire to dignitie.

By learning must aduaunced be.

TH E poore that liue in needy rate, by learning doo great riches gayne:
The rich that liue in welch stace, by learning do their welch maintayne.
Thus rich and poore, are furthered still,
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All sond conceites of frantike pouch, the golden gift of learning staves:
Of doubtfull thinges to search the truth, learning sets sooth the reddy wayer.
O happy him doo I repree,
Whose brest is fraught with learning fruise.

There growes no corne within the field, that Dre and Plough did never tyll,
Right so the mind no fruite can yeeld, that is not lead by learnings skill.
Of ignorance comes rotten weedes,
Of learning springes right noble deedes.

Like

of daynty deuises.

Fol.9.

Like as the Captayne hath respect, to trayne his souldiers in array :
So learning doth mans mind direct, by Vertues staffe his life to stay.
Though freendes and Fortune warres sake,
Yet learned men shall never want.

Impes therfore in yout be sure, to fraught your mindes wth learned thinges,
In learning is the fountayne pure, out from the which all glory springes,
Who so therfore will glory win,
With learning first must needes begin.

FINIS. F. K.

21. Mens flittyng life findes surest stay,
Where sacred Virtue beareth sway.

virtue

The sturdy Rocke for all his strength, by raging Seas is rent in thayne ;
The Marble stone is pearst at length, with little droppes of drizzling rayne.
The Ore dooth yeeld unto the yoke, } ech thinge doth yeldeth to
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke. } time

The stately Stagge that seemes so stout, by palping hounds at bay is set ;
The swiftest bird that flees aboue, is caughte at length in Soulders net.

The greatest fish in deepell Brooke, } ech thinge doth yeldeth to pol
Is soone deceived with subtil hooke.

man him selfe, vnto whose will, all thinges are bounden to obey :
In all his wicke and worthy s^t kill, dooth fade at length and fall away.

There is nothing, but time doth wast, } tyme consumeth
The Heavens, the Earth, consume at last.

Virtue sittes triumphyng still, vpon the Throne of glorious Fame :
Though spitfull death mans body kill, yet hurtles he not his vertuous name.

By life or death, what so helvex, } vertue endurceth
The state of Virtue, never slides.

FINIS. M. T.

C. iiii.

22. Nothing

The Paradise

freendship. 22. Nothing is comparable vnto a faithfull freend;

Sith this our time of Freendship is so Skant,
Sith Freendship now in every place doth want.
Sith every man of Freendship is so hallowe,
As no man rightly knowes which way to followe.
Seale not my Muse, seale not in these our dayes,
To ring loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

If men be now, their swne peculier freendes,
And to their neighbourz freendship none pertendes.
If men of Freendship shewe them selues so bare,
And of their brethen take no Freendly care.
Forbeare not then my Muse, nor feare not then,
To ring dispayse of these unfreendly men.

Did man of Freendship know the mighty power?
How great effectes it worketh every hour.
What stow of hidden freendship it retaynes,
How still it pouereth forth aboundaunce gaines.
Man would wish thee my muse in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

Freendship releueth mans necesstie,
Freendship, comforteth mans aduerstie,
Freendship augmenteth mans prospertie,
Freendship preferres man to felicitie.
Then ring my muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred freendships prayse.

Of Freendship growes loue and charicie,
By Freendship, men are linked in amitie;
From Freendship springeth all commodicie,
The fruite of Freendship, is fidelicie.
Oh ring my muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale upon peale, of sacred Freendships prayse.

That

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 10.

that man with man, true freendship may embrace,
that man to man, may shew a freendly face :
that every man, may sow such freendly seedes,
is freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
no ioyne with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
bring loue peales of sacred Freendships prayse.

F I N I S. F. K.

23. Remember thy ende.

O be as wile as C A T O was, or rich as C R E S V S in his life :

To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by force or strife.

What helpeth it when Death doth call, } no strength against
The happy ende exceedeth all, } death.

The Rich may well the poore releue, the Rulers may redresse each wrong :
the learned may good counsell giue, but marke the end of this my song;

Who doth these thinges, happy they call,
Their happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes, that all do seeke, both small and great :
by eyneth for Fame, or els for Prayse, or who may sitt in highest seate,

But of these thinges, hap what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning ought we see, but seeldome standing at one stay :
In few do like the meane degree, then prayse at parting some men say.

The thinges wherto each wight is thall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estat, that happy life, which liueth vnder gouernance :

Who seekes no hate, nor breedes no strife, but takes in worth his happy chance.

If contentation him befall, } contentation
His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth dayly grow :

The greater Payne it doth require, Except the Judge some mercy shew,

Wherfore I thinke and ever shall, } optimi est non nasci, prava
The happy end exceedeth all. } viro cito mori.

F I N I S. D. S.

D. i.

24. H

The Paradise

24. He persuadeth his freend,
from the fond Affectes of loue.

Wh art thou bound & maist go fre, shal reason yeld to raging will?

Is chaldom like to libertye? wilt thou exchange thy good for ill?

Then shalt thou learne a chldish play, and of each part to cast and proue;

The lookers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that liues by loue.

Thy wittes with thoughts, shall stand at stay, thy head shall hane but heawy rest.
Thy eyes shal watch for wanton prayes, thy tongue shall shew thy harts request.
Thy eares shall heare a thousand noysse, thy hand shall put thy pen to Payne:
And in the ende, thou shalt dispraysle, thy life so spent, for such small gaine.

If loue and lust might euer cope, or youtch might runne in reasons race:
Dy if strong succ might win sure hope, I would lesse blame a louers case.
For loue is hotte, with great desire, and sweete delight makes youtch so foynt,
That little sparkes will proue great fyre, and bring free harts to endlesse bond.

First count the care and then the cost, and marke what fraude in faith is sound:
Then after come and make thy boist, and shew some cause why thou art bound,
For when the wine doth runne full low, you shall be faine to drinke the lies:
And eate the flesh ful well I know, that hath ben blowne with many flies.

We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and kisse the crosse:
And though we find small fault of this, Yet some will gillo a byrdes bosse.
A foole his bable will not change, not for the septer of a king,
A louers life is nothing strange, for youtch delightes none other thing.

FINIS. Tbo. Churcyard.

25. Wanting his desyre be complaynet.

He sayling shippis with ioy at length, doo touch their long desired poise,
The hewing are the Dike doth wast, the battiring Canon breakes the sope.
Hart hagard haukes stoope to the lure, wild coltes in time the byrde tames;
There is nothing so out of hre, but to his kind long time it frames,
Pet this I find in time, no time can winne my sute,
Though oft the tree I climbe, I can not catch the fruite.

¶ And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yeelding wise to me do bow,
 When I would touch they spring aloft, soone are they gone I wot not
 Thus I present the fleeting floode, like Tantalus in hel below, (how
 Would God my case shee vnderstoode, whirh can full soone releue my
 Whch is to her were knownen, the fruite were surely mine, (woe
 She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine,

¶ But if my ship with tackle torne, with rented sailes must needs retire,
 And stremme and wind hath plainly sworn, by force to hinder my desire
 Like one þ stricks vpon þ rocks, my wearie wracke I shoulde bewaple
 And learn to knowe false soz tunes mockes, who smiles on me to small
 Yet such she onely can, my rented ship restore, (auaille,
To helpe her wracked man, but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

26. Trye before you trusse.

word frendsh

* If freendes are found a heape of doubts, that double dealing bse,
 A swarne of such I could find out, whose craft I can accuse:
 A face for loue, a hart for hate, thcse faigned freendes can beare,
 A tongue for troth, a head for wyles, to hurt each simple eare.
 In humble port, is poysou paci, that plainenesse can not spie.
 Which credites all, and can not see, where stinging serpents lye.
Through hastie trust, the harmelesse heart, is easly hampzed in,
 And made beleue it is good gold, when it is lead and tin.
 The first deceit that bleares myne eyes, is faigned faich protest,
 The second trappe is grating caske, that gripes each strangers brest.
 The third deceite is greeting wordes, with colours painted out,
 Which bids suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no dangerous doubt.
 The fourth, and last is long repaire, which creepes in frendshipp's lap,
 And dayly hauntes, that vnder trust, deuileth many a trap.
 Loe how false freendes can frame a fetch, to win the will with wils,
 To sauce their slightes with sugred sops, and shadow harme w similes,
 To serue their lustes, are sundry sortes, by practise diuers kindes,
 Some carries hymme in their mouthes, and venime in their mindes.
 Me thinkes the stones within the streetes, should cry out in this case,
 And every one that deeth them meete, should shurne their double face.

FINIS. D. S.

D.ii.

27. A lady

The Paradise

27. A Lady forsaken complaynetb.

F. F. pleasures be in paynfulnes? in pleasures dooth my body rest?
If ioyes accord with carefulnes? a ioyful hart is in my brest.
If prison strong is libertie? in libertie long haue I bene,
If ioyes accord with miserye? who can compare a life to mine.
Who can vnbond þ is sore bound? who can make free þ is sore chall,
Or how can any meanes be found to comfort such a wretch whall.
None can, but he þ hath my hart, convert my paynes to comfort then.
Pet since his seruant I became, most like a bondman haue I bene:
Since first in bondage I became, my words & deedes were ever such,
That never once he could me blame, except from louing him too much.
Whiche I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deserue disdaine,
Except he mean through false pretence, through forged loue to make a
Nay, nay, alas, my fained thoughts, my frefed & my fained ruth (train.
My pleasures past my present plaints, shew wel I mean but to much
But since I can not him attain, against my will I let him goe. (truth
And lest he glory at my paine, I will attemp to cloke my woe.
Youth, le arn by me, but do not proue, for I haue proued to my paine,
What greeuous grieses do grow by loue, & what it is to loue in vaine.

FINIS. M. D.

28. Finding worldly ioyes but vanities, he wifeth death.

F. Ozorne in filchy froward fate, wherin a thousand cares I find,
By whom I do lament my state, annois with sond affliction mind
A wretch in woe, and dare not cry,
I liue, and yet I wish to dye.
The day in dole, that semeth long, I pas with sighes & heauy cheere,
And with these eyes I bewe the wrong, that I sustain by liuing here:
Where my mishaps as rise doo dwel,
As plagues within the pit of hell.
A wailing wight I walke alone, in desert vennes there to complaine,
Among the sauage soot to mone, I see my freends wher they remain:
And pleasure take to shun the sight,
Where erst I fel my great delight.

A captiuit

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 12.

A captaine clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the lawes of lethal loue,
My flesh and bones consumed bare, to crauling greeves full strange to
Though hap doth bid me hope at least, (proue:

Whyles grasse doth grow, yet starues the beast.

A seeged soz with sorain sozce, for want of ayde, must yeeld at last,
So must my wieried pined corse, submit it selfe to bitter cast:
Of crauling care, that carkes my brest,
Till hope or death, shall breede my rest.

FINIS. F. M.

29. A replie to M. Edwards MAY.

s. pr. f. 2. b.

F Read a maying rime of late delighted much my care,
It may delight as many moe, as it shall reade or heare,
To see how there is shewed, how May is much of price,
And eake to May when that you may, euен so is his aduice.
It seemes he meant to may hymselfe, and so to vse his skill,
For that the time did serue so well, in May to haue his will.
His onely May was ease of mind, so farre as I can gesse,
And that his may his mind did please, a man can iudge no lesse.

And as himselfe did reapre the fruites, of that his pleasant May,
He wils his freende the same to vse, in time when as he may,
He is not for him selfe it seemes, but wisheth well to all,
For þ he would they shold, take May in time when it doth fall,
So vse your May, you may, it can not hurtful be,
And May well vsed in time and place, may make you mery gle:
Modest maying mettest is, of this you may be suer,
A modest maying quietnes, to Mayers doth procure.

Who may and will not take, may wish he had so done,
Who may and it doth take, may thinke he tooke too sone,
So ioyne your May with wisedomes loue, and then you may be suer,
Who makes his May in other soz, his vncle may procuer.
Some May before May come, some May when May is past,
Some make their May to late, and some doe May posthast.
Let wisedome rule I say your May, and thus I make anende,
And May, that when you list to May, a good may God you sende.

FINIS. M. S.

D. iii

30. Hauing

The Paradise

the vert of her so. Having marryed a worthy Lady,
and taken away by death, he com-
playneth his mishap.

If I youth when I at large did lead, my life in lusty liberite,
When heuy thoughts no one did spread, to let my pleasant fantasie
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might make thall.
And twentie yeeres I skarse had spent, whē to make ful my happy fate
Both treasures great were on me cast, with lands & titles of estate;
So as more blēst then I, stooode than,
Eke as me thought was never man.
For of Dame Fortune who is he, could moxe desire by iust request,
Then health, with wealth, and liberty, al which at once I this possēt;
But masking in this ioly toy,
A soden syght, prouud al a toy.
For passing on these mery dayes, w̄ new deuise of pleasures great,
And now and then to view þ rayes of beauties works w̄ cunningfeat:
In heauenly helwes, all which as one,
I oft behelde, but bound to none.
And one day rowling thus my eyes, vpon these blessed wights at ease,
Amongst þ rest one did I se, who straight my wāding lokes did seale:
And stayed them firme, but such a sight,
Of beauty yet saw never wight.
What shal I seke to praise it moxe, wher tongis cannot wel praise þ ſcē
But to be short to louers loze, I straight my ſences all did frame:
And were it wit, or were it chaunce,
I woonne the Garland in this daunce.
And thus wher I before had thought, no hap my forte might encrēse
A double blis this chāce forth brought, so did my ladies loue me please
Her faſh so firme, and conſtant ſuch,
As never hart, can praise too much,
But now with tormentes ſtrange I call, þ ſickle ſay of fortunes whele,
And where ſhee raised from high to eſt, with greater force of grefe to
For from this hap of ſoden frowne,
Of Princes face ſhe threw me downe.

And

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 13.

And thus exchange now hath it made, by liberty a thing most deare,
In hateful prison for to fave, where sundred from my louing feare,

My wealth and health, stands at like stay,
Obscurely to consume away.

And last when humain force was none, could part our loue wherin we
My ladies life alas is gon, most cruel death hath it bereued: Clived,
Whose vertues, her, to God, hath wonne,
And left me here, a man undone.

FINIS. F. G.

31. A worthy ditie, song before the Queenes
Maestrie at Bristol.

Mistrust not troth, that truely meanes, for every felonys stroke,
In stead of wrong, condene not right, no hidden wrath to wicker
Looke on the light of faulcresse life, how bright her vertues shine,
And measure out her steppes each one, by leuel and by line.

Deeme eche desert by vpright gesse, wherby your prayse shall ring
If malice would be match with might, let hate no judgement givē:
Enforce no feare wch wretting wretches, in quiet conscience brest.
Lend not your ears to busie tonges, which breedeth much brest.

In doubtfull drifts wade not to farre, it weries but the mind,
Seeke not to search the secreat harts, whose thoughts are hard to finde
Awoide from you those hateful heads, that helps to heape mishap,
Be slow to heare the flatterers voice, that creepech in your lap.

Embrace their loue that wills you good, and sport not at their prayse,
Trull not too much unto your selfe, for feeble are your staves:
How can your seace be setled faste, or stand on stedfast ground,
So propped vp with hollow harts, whose surety is unsound.

Give faith to thole that feare for loue, and not that loue for feare,
Regard not them that force compels, to please you every where:
All this well waid and borne away, shall stab'ish long your state,
Continually wch perfect peace, in spite of passing hate.

FINIS. M. S.

D. ill. 32. 42

The Paradise

32. An Epitaph vpon the death of Syr Edward Saunders,
Knight, Lord cheefe Baron of the Exchequer.

YD^e Muses weare your mourning weeds, strike on þ fatal Drome
Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame, in spite of Parens dome.
Distill Parnassus pleasant drops, possesse Pierides place,
Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to wayle this wosfull case.
Wring hard you hands, waile on you losse, lament the fate that fell,
With sobs and sighes to Saunders say, oh Saunders now farewell.
Whom Phæbus saw with Pallas pappe, as one of Sibils seede,
Loe here where death did rest his corpes, the vermine soule to feede.
Whom Impes of Ioue with Nectar sweete, long in Libetres nourish,
Behold how dreadfull death him broughte, to þ whence he came first,
Lyngus he for learned lawes, Rhadamanthus race that ranne,
A nocher Nestor for advise, Zelius fame that wanne.
A Damon deare unto his frend, in faith like Phocion found,
A Cato that could counsel givie, to prince a subiect sound.
Not Athens for their Solon sage, not Rome for Numa waile,
As we for Saunders death haue cause, in fods of teares to saile.
Not Sparta car for Chilos death, ne proud Prienna prest,
To weape for Bias as we wayle, for Saunders late possest.
His learned patches his talentes rare, so now by death appeares,
As he that Salomon sought to serue, in pryme and youthful yeeres,
His counsel sad, his rules, his lawes, in country soyle so wrought,
As though in Cumæ he had benn, of sage Sibilla caught.
His vertuous life was such I say, as Vertue did embrace,
By Vertue taught in Vertues schoole, to grow in vertues race.
Nighc tender babes, might orphans weak, might widows rere þ cry,
The sound thereof shoulde pearce the cloutes, to skale þ empire sky.
To bid the gods to battel bend, and to dissend in sight,
Though ffarre dñeit, and mates binete, with mortal men to fight.
Too late (alas) we wish his life, to soone deceiued vs Death.
Too little wit we haue to seeke, the dead agayne to breath.
What helplesse is, must carelesse be, as Natures course doth shew us,
For death shal reape what life hath lowen, by nature this we know.

Where is that fierce Achilles fled, where is king Turnus shroude,
 What is be come of Priamus state, where is Periander proude :
 Hector, Hanno, Hanibal, dead, Pompei, Pirrhus spylid,
 Scipio, Cirrus, Cesar slaine, and Alexander kild.
 So long there Fortune fast did floe, and charged Fame to sound,
 Tyll crowning Fortune soylid by fate, which falwing fortune sound:
 Shun Fortunes feates, shake fortune of to none is fortune sound,
 Sich none may say of Fortune so, I Fortune faithful sound.
 Beholde where Fortune flouned so fast, and sauoured Saunders lure,
 Till sickle Fortune false again did Saunders death procure,
 Lo clothed coale in cloddes of clay, in drossy dust remaine,
 By fate returnd from whence he came, to his mothers wombe againe.
 Who welnigh thirtie yeeres was Judge, before a Judge dyd fall,
 And iudged by that mighty Judge, which Judge shall iudge vs all.
 The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it bewayle,
 Sich heauen wan, and earth hath lost, the guide and arke of baile.
 There gaine is much, our losse is great, there mirth our mone is such,
 That they may laugh as cause doo yeeld, and we may weepe as much:
 O happy he, vnhappy we, his hap doth aye encrease,
 Happy he, and haplesse we, his hap shall never cease.
 We live to dye, he dyed to live, we want, and he possesse,
 We bide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the Gods aboue him blesse.
 Being borne to live, he lined to dye, and dyed to God so plaine,
 That birth, that life, that death, doo shew, that he shall live againe :
 His yowr to age, his age to death, his death to fame applies,
 His fame to time, his time to God, thus Saunders liued and dyed.
 O happy life, O happier death, O tenne times happy he,
 Whose hap it was, such hap to haue, a Judge this age to be.
 Oh ioysfull-time, oh biessled soyle, where Pallas rules with witte,
 O nobleate, O sacred seate, where Sabas sage dooth sitte.
 Like Susan bound, like Saras sad, with Hesters mace in hand,
 With Iudiths sword Bellona like, to rule this noble land.
 I had my will, you haue your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
 I wan now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy day.
 Wherein I dyed, wherin you live, Oh treble happy cost,
 Wherein I dyed in glory great, wherin you triumph most,

The Paradise

Kneele on your knees, knock hard your brests, sound forth y toyfull momē
Clap loude your handes, sound Echo say, the golden world is come.
Reioyce you Judges may of right, your mirth may now be such,
As neuer earst you Judges had, in England mirth so much.
Here Cumā is, here Sibill raignes, on Delphos seat to sitte,
Here shee like Phæbus rules, that can Gordius knot unknitte.
I liued to nature long ynough, I liued to honor much,
I liued at will, I died at will, to see my country such.
As neither needes it Numas lawes, nor yet Apollos swerd,
For Manger Mars, yet Mars shalbe of this our Queene afear.
O peerlesse pearle, O Diamond deer, O Queene of Queenes farewell,
Your royll maiestie God preserue in England long to dwell.
Farwell the Pheenix of the world, farwel my soueraigne Queene,
Farwel most noble vertuous prince, Minervas mate I weene.
No Inel, Gemme, no Gold to giue, no pearles from Pactolus lo,
No Persian Gaze, no Indian stones, no Tagus lands to show,
But faith and will to natvie soyle a live and dead I find,
My hart my mind, my loue I leauie unto my prince behind.
Farwel you nobles of this land, farwel you Judges graue,
Farwel my felowes, frends and mates, your Queene I say God saue,
What rise in time, in time doth fal, what floweth in time doth ebbe,
What liues in time, in time shall dye, and yeelbe to Parcas webbe,
The sunne to darknes shalbe turnd, the starres from skyes shall fall,
The Moone to blood, the world with fire shalbe consumed all.
As smoke or vapour vanish streight, as bubbles rise and fall.
As clowdes do passe or shadow shiften we live, we dye so all.
Out pompe our pride, our triump mooste, our glori great herein,
Like shattering shadow passe away, as though none such had bin.
Earth, water, ayre, and fire, as they were earst before,
A lumpe confused, and Chaoſ calld, so shall they once be more,
And all to earth, that came from earth, and to the grane descend,
For earth on earth, to earth shall goe, and earth shall be the end.
As Christ ascended up in clowdes, so Christ in clowdes shall come,
To iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadful day of dome.
From whence our flesh shall rise again, euē from the drossy dust,
And so shall passe I hope, unto the mansion of the just.

FINIS. Lodorick Loyd.

33. His

33. His good name being blentched, he bewayleth.
vnpacientlie

Framd in the front of sorlone hope, past all recouery.
I steyles stand labide the shooke of shame and infamy.
My life through llingring long is lodge, in lare of lochsome wayes.
My deach delayd to keepe from life, the harme of haplessse dayes:
My sprites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe destelle are dround,
The onely losse of my good name, is of these greeves the ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my boyce, and tongue are weake:
To bitter, mooue, deuise, conceaue, sound sooth, declare, and speake:
Such pearlung plaintes, as sunswere might, or would my wosfull case,
Helpe craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon my face:
Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To wasse with me this losse of mine, as of these greeves the ground.

Helpe gods, helpe saintes, helpe sprites & powers, þ in þ heauen do dwell,
Helpe ye ths are to waile aye woont, ye howling houndes of hell:
Helpe man, helpe beastes, helpe birds, & wormes, that on þ earth doth tolle
Helpe fishe, helpe soule, that flockes and feedes vpon the salt sea soyle,
Helpe echo that in ayre doth flee, shrill voyces to resound,
To wasse this losse of my good name, as of these greeves the ground.

FINIS. E. oxford.

34. Of Fortunes power. bidz 14

Polycrates whose passing hap, caused him to lose his fate,
A golden ring cast in the seas to change his constant state,
And in a fish yet at his boord, the same he after found,
Thus Fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bovitie doth abount.

The myghtis unto myght she mounts, a common casse we see,
And mighty to great misery, she sets in low degree:
Whom she to day doth reare on hie, vpon her whirling wheele,
To morrow next shew dingeth dolme, and casteth at her heele.

The Paradise

No measure hath shee in her gifts, shee doth reward each sorte,
The wise that counsell haue, no more, then fooles that maketh spore,
She vseth never partiall handes, soz to offend or please,
Geue me good Fortune al men sayes, and shrow me in the seas.

It is no fault or worthines, that makes men fall or rise,
I rather be borne Fortunate, then to be very nise,
The blindest man right soone, that by good Fortune guided is,
To whom that pleasant Fortune pipes, can neuer daunce amiss.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

35
36. Though Triumphant after bloody wars, the greatest brags do bear,
Yet Triumph of a conquered mind, the crowne of fame shall wear.

Who so doth marke the carelesse life, of these unhappy daves,
And sees what smal and slender hold, the stace of vertue stapes,
He findes, that this accursed trade, proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen too much to yeeld, to their breamed will.

In lacke of taming wiclesse wil, the poore we often see,
Envies the rich, because that he, his equal cannot be :
The rich aduauned to might by wealth, from wrong doth not refraine,
But will oppressthe weaker sorte, to heape excessive gaine.

If Fortune were so blind to giue to one man what he wil,
A world would not suffice the same, if he might haue his fill :
We wish, we search, we strive for all, and haue no more therein,
Then hath the slauie, when deeth doth come, though Cresce welch he win.

In getting much, we get but care, such brylicle wealth to keepe,
The rich which in his walles of bone, doth never soundly sleepe:
When poore in weake and slender house, do feare no losse of wealth,
And haue no further care but this, to keepe themselves in health.

Affection may not bide the sword of sway in judgement seat,
Least partiall Cauior execute, the law in causes greate.

of daynty devises.

Fol. 16.

But if the mind in constant state, assertion quite do leave,
The higher state shall haue their rigthes, the poore no wrong receave.

It is accompted greater prayse to Cæsers loste state,
Against his danquist foes, in warres to bridle wrykeful hate:
Then when to Rome he had subdued the people long unknowne,
Wherby as latre as land was found, the same aboue was blowne.

If honor can selfe will refuse, and justice be upright.
And priuate state desires but that, which good appeares in sight:
Then vertue shall with soueraigne shew, to every eye reueale,
A heauenly life, a wealeful state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouern all your deedes,
Your yeelding to her sober heales, immortall glory breedes:
Shee shall vpreare your worthy name, shining into the skies,
Her beames shall blaze in grane obscure, where shynnes darknes syes.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

37. Of perfect wisedome.

W^o so wil be accompted wise, and truly claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he must achieve the same:
But few there be, that seeke thereto true wisedome to attaine,
O God so rule our harts therfore, such fondnesse to reueine.

36

The wisedome which we most esteeme, in this thing doth confirme,
With glorious talke to shew in words, our wisedome when we list,
Yet not in talke, but seemely deedes, our wisedome we shoulde place,
To speake so faire, and dor busill, doth wisedome quicke disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shunne the losse, a wisedome commendis,
And thereby through the greedy coyne, no hope of grace to mis:
To seeke by honor to aduaunce his name to hysle people,
Is wisedome, which we dayly see, increaseth in our dayes.

The Paradise

But heauenly wisedome sover seemes to hard for them to win,
And weary of the sute they seeme, when they do once begin:
It teachech vs to fraine our life, while vitall breath we haue,
When it dissolueth earthly masse, the soule from death to saue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisedome is, which we neglect, although of greater price:
A poynt of wisedome also this, we commonly esteeme,
That every man shoud be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To hidde that desire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill,
Our hauy stomackes Lord represse, to tame yresuming will:
This is the wisedome that we shoud, aboue each thing desire,
D heauenly God from sacred thron, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant harts, the rules of wisedome trne,
That all our deedes in worldly life, may like therof issue:
Thou onely art the living spring, from whome this wisedome flowes,
D wash therwith our sinful harts, from vice that therin growes.

FINIS. M. Edwardes;

37

against worldlings 38. *A frendly admonition.*

YE stately wightes, that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth, whiche God hath giuen you,
Lament with teares and sighes from doleful brest:
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now,
Behold how God doth dayly profer grace,
Yet we disdayne repentence to embrase.

The suddes of sinne do soke into the mind,
And canced vice doth vertue quite expel:
No change to good alas can resting finde,
Our wicked harts so stonchly do rebel.
Not one there is that hasteth to amende,
Though God from heauen his dayly threatnes send.

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 17.

We are so slow to change our blameful life,
We are so prest to snach alwaye vice
Such greedy harts on every side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counsel wise,
To let our leaves lament the wretched case,
And call to God for undeserved grace.

You worldy wightes, that haue your fancies lyfe,
On slipper ioy of terreine pleasure here:
Let some remorse in all your deedes be myre,
Whiles you haue time let some redresse appere,
Of soberaine death the houre you shall not know,
And looke for Death althoagh he seemeth slow.

Oh be no judge in other mens offense,
But purge thy selfe and seeke to make thee free,
Let every one apply his diligence,
A change to good within him selfe to see,
O God direct our feete in such a way,
From cancreed vice to shun the hateful way.

FINIS. R. Hill.

velle sunt cypri et rex discolor 1521.
39. Sundry men sundry affectes.

35

Hunting

If every wight some sundry sort of pleasure I do finde,
Which after trouaile he doth seeke to ease his toylng minne.
Diana with her trayning chasse, of hunting had delight,
Against the fearful Deare, she could direct her shotte arighe,
The losly yeeres in every age, doth stil embrase the same,
The spous is good, if vertue doo assist the cheeresful game.

Minerva in her chattering armes her courage doth a daunce,
In triall of the bloudy wars, she giveth buckle chaunce.
For sauageard men imbrace the same, which do so needful seeme,
That noble harts with their cheesse delights in use thereof esteeme,
In warlike games to ride on crye the force of armes they use,
And base the man we do accouchedat doth the same refuse.

warfare

xxviii.

The Paradise

The siluer sound of musickes cordes, doth please Apollos witt,
A science which the heauens aduaunce, where it deserues to sit,
A pleasure apt for every wight, celesse to careful mind,
For woe redresse, for care a lalue, for saynes helpe we find.
The soneraigne prasse of Musicke stil, doth cause the Poets faine,
That whirling Spheres, and eake the heauens do hermonie retaine.

I herte, that these three powers, at variance lateli fel,
Whiles each did prayse his owne delight, the other to excel.
Then Fame, as an indifferent iudge, to end the case they call,
The praise pronounced by her to them, indifferently doth fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, Minervas force doth tame,
And Musicke giues a sweete delight, to further others game.

These three delights to hawtie mindes the worthiest are esteemed,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so deemeid.
With ioy they do reuine the wicke with sorrow oft opprest,
And never suffer solempne greefe to long in mind to rest.
Be wise in mirth, and seeke delight, the same doe not abuse,
An honest mirth a happy ioy we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. R. Hill.

40. Of a Freend and a Flatterer.

A trustie freend is rare to find, a fawning soe may sone be got:
A faichful freend here stil in mind, but fawning soe regard thou not.
A faichful freend no cloke doth exiue, to colour knauery withal:
But Sicophant a Gouern must haue, to beare a port what ere beset.
A nose to smel out every feast, a brasen face to set it out:
A shambles child or homly geast, whose life doth like to range about.
A fawning soe while wealth dath last, a these to rob and spoile his freendi:
As strong as oke til wealth doth last, but rotten sticke doth prove in the

end

Looke first, then leape, beware the mire:
Burnt Childe is warnd to dread the fire.
Take beede my freend, remember this,
Short borse (they say) soone carried i.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

41. of

41. Of sufferaunce commeth ease,

TO seeme so i to reuenge each wrong in hasty wise,
By proose of guilcelle men, it hath not bene the guise.
In slaunders lochayme bryte, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse moodē they suffer wrong, where truch shal try them free.
These are the pacient pagnes, that passe wicth in the brest,
Of those, that seek their cause by mine, where wrong hath right opprest.
I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudgd awry,
And graunted guilty in the thing, that clerely I deny.
My faith may me defend, if I might loued be,
God iudge me so, as from the guile I know me to be free.
I wrote but for my selfe, the griece was all mine owne,
As, who would proue extremite, by proose it might be knowne.
Yet are there such, that say they can my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this olde troth, things proue not as they seeme,
Wherby it may besall, in iudgement to be quicke,
To make them selues suspect therewith, that needed not to kicke.
Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I do amisse, as though I knew by whom it might be wrought.
If any such there be, that herewithall be vext,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

L. Vaux.

43. All thinges are Vaine:

AL though the purple morning, bragges in brightnes of the summe,
As though he had of chaled night, a glorioous conquest wonne:
The time by day, giues place againe to force of drowsie night,
And every creature is constraind to change his lusty plight.

Of pleasures all, that here we taste;

We feele the contrary at laste.

In spring, though pleasant Zephirus, hath frutesful earth inspired,
And nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossomes braue attired:
Yet frutes and flowers, as buds and blomes ful quickly withered be,
When stormie winter comes to kill, the sommers iolite.

By time are got, by time are lost,

All thinges wherin we pleasure most.

F.I.

Although

The Paradise

Although the Seas so calmly glide, as daungers none appeare;
 And doute of stormes, in skie is none, king Phœbus shines so cleare:
 Yet when the boistrous windes breake out, and raging waues do swel,
The seely barke now heauens to heauen, now sunckes againe to hel.

Thus change in every thing we see,
And nothing constant seemes to be.
Who flowerch most in worldy wealth of welch is most vnsure,
And he that cheefely tastes of ioy, doth sometime woe endure:
Who hauntech most of numbred screendes, sorgoe them al he must,
The fairest flesh and liuelest bloud, is turnd at length to dust.

Experiencie gives a certen ground,
That certen here, is nothing found.

Then trust to that which aye remaines, the blisse of heauens aboue,
 Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Stoyme, is able to remoue,
 Trust to that sure celestial rocke, that restes in glorious throne,
 That hath bene, is, and must be stil, our anker hold alone.

The world is but a vanicie,
 In heauen leke we our suretie.

F I N I S. F. K.

44. A Vertuous Gentlewoman in the praise of hir loue.

Am a Virgin faire and free, and freely doe reioyce,
 I sweetly warble sugred notes, from siluer boþer:
 For which delightful ioyes, yet thanke I curtesie loue,
 By whose almighty power, such sweete delightses I prove.

I walke the pleasant fieldes, adornd with lively greene,
 And view the fragrant flowers, most louely to be seen:
 The purple Columbine, the Coullippe and the Lillie,
 The Violet sweete, the Daizie, and Daffadillie.

The Wodbinnes on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
 And each fine flowres els, that rendreth sweete delight:
 Among the which I choose, al thole of seemeliest grace,
 In thought, resembling them to my deare louers face.

His
I. R.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flouring gister,
His ever living Name, to lostye skie bplistes:
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues sake,
When vertuously to loue, al onely care I take.

Of al which fresh faire flowers, that flower that doth appere,
In my conceit most like to him I hold so deare:
I gather it, I kisse it, and eake devise with it,
Such kind of louely speach, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowres, I make a garlond stine,
With which my golden lyper heares, togither I do twine:
And sette it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer stil in sight.

For as in goodly flowres, mine eyes great pleasure find,
So are my louers giftes most pleasant to my mind:
Upon which vertuous gister, I make more sweete repast,
Then they that for loue sportes, the sweterest ioyes do cast.

FINIS. E. K.

45. Oppressed with sorrow he wisheth death.

43

F Fortune may enforce, the careful hart to cry
And griping griefe constraine, the wounded wight lament:
Who then alas to mourne, hath greater cause then I,
Aga:nst whose hard mishap, both Heauen and earth is bent.
For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no hope is left,
From whom all happy happ is fled, and pleasure quite bereft.
Whose life nought can prolong, whose health, nought can procure.
Whose passed prooфе of pleasant ioy,
Mischaunce hath chaunged to greefes annoy:
And loe, whose hope of better day,
Is ouer whelmd with long delay.
Oh hard mishap.

S. II. Each

who can not hope for change of happe nor earthis happe endyn

The Paradise

Each thing I plainly see, whose vertues may availe,
To ease the pinching paine, which gripes the groaning wyght:
By Phisicks sacred Skill, whose rule doth seldom fayle,
Through labours long inspect, is playnly brought to light.
I know, there is no fruite, no lease, no roote, no rind,
No hearbe, no plant, no luyce, no guimme, no metal deeply minde
No Pearle, no precious stome, ne Iteme of rare effect,
Whose vertues, learned Gallens booke, at large do not detect.
Yet al their force can not appease,
The furious fittes of my disease:
Nor any druggge of phisickes art,
Can ease the greefe that gripes my harte.

Oh strange disease.

I heare the wise affirme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secrete salues, which Wisedome hath out found:
To coole the scorching heate of every smarting soore,
And healeth deepest scarre, though greeuous be the wound.
The auncient prouerbe sayes, that none so fested greefe,
Doch grow, for which the gods them selues, haue not ordyned release.
But I by proofe do know, such prouerbs to be vaine,
And thinke that nature never knew the plague that I sustaine.
And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath left my greefe remedlesse:
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.

Oh lasting paine.

By chaunge of ayre I see, by hant of healthfussole,
By dyet duely kept, grosse humors are expeld:
I know that greefes of mind, and inwards harts turmoile,
By faithful freendes advise, in tyme may be repeld.
Yet al this nought availes, to hil that me annoyes,
I meane to stop these flouds of care that overflow my ioyes.
No none exchange of place, can change my lucklesse lot,
Like one I liue, and so must dye, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counsel can preuaile with mee,
Nor sage advise with greefe agree:

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 20.

For he that feeleſt the panges of hel, ſtill moſt alſo thy gryneſt coſt
Can never hope in heauen to dwel.

Oh deepe deſpaire.

What liues on earth but I, whose trauaile reapes no gaine,
The wearied Horſe and Oxe, in stal and stable rest:
The Ante with sommers toyle beares out the winters paigney,
The fowle that flyes al day, at night returnes to rest.
The Ploughmans weary wolke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with sommers gaine, which yeildes him double hirer.
The ſilly laboring ſoule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truely payd, contented goeth his way.
And comming home, his drameſte head,
He cowcheth close in homely bed:
Wherein no sooner downe he lyes,
But ſleepe hath ſtraight poſſeſt his eyes,

Oh happy man.

The Souldier biding long the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is never free, from daint of deadly ſoyer:
At laſt comes ioyful home, though mangled all with scarres,
Where frankly, voyde of feare, he ſpends the gotten ſoyer.
The Pirat lying long, amid the foaming floods,
With every flaw in hazard is to looke both life and goods:
At length findes view of land, where wilched people he ſpies,
Which once obtained, among his mates, he partes the gotten prize,
Thus every man, for trauaile past,
Doth reape a iust reward at laſt:
But I alone, whose troubled mind,
In ſeeking rest, vntreſt doth find.

Oh luckleſſe loue.

Oh cursed caſtife wretch, whose heauy hard miſhappe,
Doth wiſh tenne thouſand times, that thou hadſt not been borne,
Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in ſorrowes lappe,
Where waylings waſte thy life, of all redreſſe forlorne.
What ſhal thy grieſe appeaſe? who ſhal thy torment ſlay?
Wilt thou thy ſelfe, with murthering hands, euorce thy ownde caſe?
No, farre be thou from me, my ſelfe to ſtoppe my breath,
The gods forbid, whom I beſeech, to worke my iopes by death.

F. III.

Fol.

The Paradise

For lengering lengch of lochsome life,
Doth stirre in me such mortal strife:
That whiles for life and death I cry,
In death I live, and living dye.

Oh froward fate.

Loe here my harmishap, loe here my strange disease,
Loe here my deepe despaire, loe here my lasting paine;
Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appease,
Loe here how others toyle rewarded is with gaine.
While lucklesse, loe I live, in losse of labours due,
Compelld by strooke of torment strong, my endlesse greese to tuer
In whiche, since needes I must, consume both youth and age,
If olde I live, and that my care no comfort can asswage.
Hencesoþ I banishe from my brest,
All frustrate hope of future rest,
And truelle trust to times reward,
With al respects of ioyes regard.

Here I forsware,

47. *Wher reason makes request, ther wisedome ought supply
With frendly aunswere prest, to grant or els deny.*

*Sigh, why so sorowosome of her smart,
I moane, wherefore? or greefe that she complaynes
I picie, what her oppressed hart,
I dread what harme: the danger she sustaines.
I greeue whereat: at her oppressing paines.
I feelc, what force the fittes of her disease,
Whose harme doth me and her alike displease.*

*I hope, what happe: her happy healethes retyre,
I wish, what wealth: noz wealth, nor worldly store
But craye, what crafe: by cunning to aspire,
Some skil, whereto: to salue her sickly sore.
Whatthen: why then would I her health restore,
Whose harme me hurtes, how so so workes my will,
To wish my selfe and her, like good and yll.*

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 21.

What moues thy mind, whereto to such desire,
Ne force, ne fauour, what then free fancies choyse?
Art thou to chose my charter to require,
Each Ladys loue is fred by custumes voyce,
Yet are there grauntes, the evidence of their choyse.
What then, our freedome is at large in choosing,
As Clomenes wils is froward in refusing.

Notes shee thy wil & he knowes what I proffer,
Daynde she thy lute? She daungered not my talke:
Gave she consent? She graunted my request,
What didst thou craue? the roote, the sprout, the stalke,
I as ked them all, what gave shee, Cheese, or chalkes
That last must try, what last? I meane the prooffe,
Of frendes, whose wils withhold ther bove a loue,

Meant thou good saiche? what els, hopell thou to sperre?
Why not. O foole uncaught in carpel trade,
Knowest not what proooffes from such delapes proceede,
Wilt thou like headlesse Cocke be caught in glaves
Art thou like asse, too apt for burden madnes?
Sye, sy, wilt thou for saint adore the shaine?
And wo her frend, care she he wholy thine?

Whodrewes this drifte? moued she, or thou this matche?
Twas I, oh foole unware of wadens wyle,
Long maist thou waite, like hungry hounde at hauch,
She crafty Foxe, the seely Edose beguiles,
Thy lute is shaped so fit for long delay,
That she at will may chek, from yeare to yeare.

But in good soothe, tel me her frendes facenes,
Best learne it first, their purpose I not know,
Why then thy wil to worse and worse is bent,
Dost thou delight, the unbinden cole to blowe,
Or childlike louest, in anckred boote to boone.

The Paradise bo

What meane these termes? who such thy sute is such,
Know of or on, or thou alect too much.

No haste but good, why no, the meane is best,
Admit she loue, mislike in linging growest,
Suppose she is caught, then Woodcocke on thy crest,
Til end apprones, what s kynful seedes she lowes,
In loyting loue, such daunders ebbes and flowes,
What helpe herein? why wake in dangerous watch,
That too, no? fro, may make thee marre the match.

Is that the way to end my weary worke?
By quicke dispatch, to lesson long turmopyle,
Well wel, though losse in linging montes to lurke,
And I a foole, most fette to take the soyle:
Yet proose from promise, never shall recople.
My words with deedes, and deedes with wondes shall wend,
Til shee or hers, gainsay that I intend.

Art thou so fond? not fond, but firmly fast,
Why foole her freendes wote how thy will is bent:
Yet thou like doult, whose wite and sence is past,
Hest not what strumpes, do follow thy entent.
Me know, how loue in lewe of s kynne is lene,
A dewe, for sightes such folly shold prevent,
Wel wel, their s koffes with scorpnes might be repayd,
If my requestes were fully paid of nedys,
Wel wel, let these with wisedomes payde be wayd,
And in your chest of cheefest se creates layd.

Full is my lucke in lossed.

48. What joy to a contented mind. none.

The faith that fayles, must needs be thoght untrue,
The freend that faines, who holdeth not bynnes,
Who likes that loue, that changeth lit for newnes,
Who hopes for trueth, where troth is boyde of trust,
No faith, no freend, no loue, no troth so faire,
For richer failes then needfullly endure.

What

of daynty deuises.

Fol. 22.

What head so slayed? that alereth not incem,
What thought so sure? that stedfast doth remaine,
What witt so wise? that never needes repente,
What tongue so true? bue sometime wonts to laine,
What foote so firme? that never treades awrie,
What soner dunde? then sight of clearest eye.

ment in humas
ribus p[er]fection
ant constans a
omni parte

What hart so fyr? but sone enclines to change,
What moode so milde? that never moued debacie,
What faith so strong, but lightly likes to range,
What loue so true? that never leyd to hase,
What life so pure? that lastes, without offence,
What worldly minde? but moues with ill presence.

What knot so fast? that may not be untide,
What seale so sure? but fraude or force shall breake,
What prop of stay? but one time shinkes aside,
What shyn so hauche? that never had a leke,
What graunt so large? that no exception makes,
What hoped helpe, but frend at neede forsakes.

What seat so high? but low to ground may fall,
What hap so good? that never founyd mislike,
What state so sure? but subiect is to chall,
What force preuailes? where Fortune lit to strik,
What wealth so much? but time may turne to want,
What stoe so great? but walking maketh i' kane.

What monstres bone in depth of dangers shal,
What rulce in time, bne march worse and worsse,
What helpe good harte, if Fortune frown wishall,
What blessing thynges, against heauenly helipes curse,
What winnes desire to get and can not grayne,
What bores to wish and never to obtaine.

FINIS. My lucke is losse, nisly goudis tolle

G. I.

47. Dones

The Paradise

47. *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos.*
Nullus ad amissus ibit amicus opes.

Euen as the Rauen, the Crow, and greedy Kite,
 Do swarming stocke, where carren corpes doth fall:
 And tiring teare with beak and talentes might,
 Both skin and flesh to gorge their guttes withall,
 And neuer cease, but gather moe to moe,
 Doe all to pull the carcasse bo and froe,
 Till bared bones at last they leue behinde,
 And seeke elsewhere sothe fatter foode to find.

Euen so I see, where wealth doth ware at will,
 And Gold doth grow to heapes of great encrease:
 There frendes resort, and prospering frendship still,
 Ful chiche they throug, with never ceasing pcrease.
 And silie make a shewe of true intent,
 When nought but guile, and inward hate is ment:
 For when mischance shall change such wealth to want,
 They packe them thence to place of richer haunt.

F I N I S. My lucke is losse.

49. *Amantum ire amoris redinti gracie est.*

In going to my naked bed as one that would haue slept,
 I had a wise sing to her child, that long before had wepe:
 She sighed soze and sang ful sweete, to bring the bahe to rest,
 That would not ceale but cryed stil, in sucking at her brest:
 She was full wearie of her watch, and greeued with her child,
 She rocked it and rated it, til that on her it smilde:
 Then did she say now haue I found, this prouerbe true to prove,
 The falling out of faithfull frends, tenyng is of loue.
 Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke, this prouerbe for to write,
 In regester so to remaine, of such a worthy wight:
 As she proceeded thus in long vnto her little bratt,
 Much matter vittered she of waight, in place wheras sh'e latt.
 And proued plaine, there was no beast, no creature bearing life,
 Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discord and strife:

Then

Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, rennyng is of loue,

She sayd that neither king ne prince, ne lord could liue aright,
Untill their puissaunce the did proue their manhood and their myght,
Whan manhode shal be matched so, that feare can take no place,
Then weary workes make warriours, each other to embrase,
And leaved their forse that fayled them, whch did consume the roue,
That myght before haue liued their tyme, and nature ouer
Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her repproue,
The falling out of faith ful frendes, rennyng is of loue.

She sayd she saw no fishe ne soule, nor beast within her haunt,
That mett a stranger in their kind, but could givē it a taunt:
Since fleshe myght not endure, but rest must whath succede,
And forse the fighē to fall to play, in pasture where they feede,
So noble nature can well ende, the wroke she hath begone,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedē in come:
Thus in song she oft reherst, as dyd her wel behoue,
The falling out of faichful frendes, is the rennyng of loue.

I meruaile much pardy quoth she, for to behold the route,
To see man, woman, boy & beast, to tolle the world about:
Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some chek, & some can smothly smile
And some embrase others in arme, and there thinke many a wile,
Some stand alouse at cap and knee, some humble and some stoutē,
Yet are they never frendes in deede, untill they once fall out:
Thus ended shē her song, and sayd before she did remoue,
The falling out of faichful frendes, is the rennyng of loue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes,

death.

43. Tbinke to dye. or beth a misere songe.

The life is long, which lothsonly doth last,
The doleful dayes draw slowly to their date:
The present panges, and painful plages sorepall,
Heldes grese eye grene, to stablish this estate.

The Paradise

So that I seele in this great storne and strife,
That death is sweete, that shortneth such a life.

And by the stroke of this strange ouerthowre,
All which conflict in thralldome I was thrust:
The Lord he prayled, I am well caught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the waye, upon how feeble force,
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeres that seemes so sweetely ronne,
The mery dapes to ende, to fall that flete;
The ioyfull nightes, of which loves drawes so lone,
The happy houres which man do misse then mete.
Do all consume as sholde men call the Sunne,
And death makes end of all shalwe begonne.

Since death shall dure till all the world be wast,
What meaneth man to dreave death then so sore?
As man might make, that life should alway last,
Without regard the Lord hath lede before.

The daunce of death, which all must runne on rowe,
The hower wherin onely himselfe doth knowe,

If man would mind, what burdens life doth bring,
What greeuous crimes to God he doth committ,
What plagues, what perill thereby spring,
He would sure chinke, as with great cause I doe,
The day of death is happier of the two.

Death is the doore whereby we draw to ioy,
Life is the lake that drowneth all in payne:
Death is so dole it sealseth all away,
Life is so leude, that al it yelds is payne.
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen so by death is freedome likewise wrought.

Wherfore

of daynty deuises

Fol. 24.

Wherfore with paule let all men wish and pray,
To be dissolved of this soule fleshy masse:
Or at the least be arm'd against the day,
That they be found good solders prest to pay.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And such a life as euer shall remaine.

FINIS. D. 3.

49

51. If thou desire to live in quietnesse,

Give care and se but say the ver.

If thou: delight, in quietnes of life,

Desire: to shew, from bralls, debate and strife.

Vide: canticle p. 111

To live: in loue with god, with frend and ffe.

Modern authore.

In rest: shal sleepe: when others cannot so.

Give care: to all, yet dos not all beleue,

And see: the end, and then do sentence geue:

But say: for truch of happy liues assynd,

The best: hath he that quiet is in mind.

FINIS. M. Hann.

50

52. Being forsaken of his frend he complaineth.

Why should I lenger long to live,

In this desease of fancialise,

Sins fortune doth not cease to glye,

Thinges to my mind most contrarie,

And at my ioyes doth lowre and frowne,

Till she hath turned them byssydowne,

A frende I had to me most deere,

And of long time faichfull and iust:

There was no one, my hart so neere,

Nor one in whome I had more trus.

G. III.

William

VI

The Paradise

Whom now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grasse me thinkes should grow in skee,
The starres, unto the earth cleue fasse;
The water stremme should passe awrie,
The winds should leue their strength of blast.
The Sunne and Moone by one assent,
Should bothe forlaine the firmament.

The fishe in ayre should syre, with sunne,
The soules in floud, should bring forth syre:
All thinges methinkes should erst beginne,
To take their course unnaturally.
Afore my frend should alter so,
Without a cause to be my foe:

But such is Fortune's hate I say,
Such is his will on me to breake;
Such spite he hath at me alway,
And ceaseth not my hart to breake.
With such despite of crueltie,
Wherfore then longer line shold I.

FINIS F. S. M. 21.13

53. Prudens. The history of Damocles, or Djonise.

Who so is set in princely throne, and craueth rule to berae,
Is still beset on every side, with veril and with feare.
High trees by stormy windes are shakē, and rent vp from the ground,
And flashy slackes of lightning flames on turrets do rebound.
When little shrubs in sauete luke, in couert all alowe,
And freshly florish in their kind, what ene wind doe blowe,
The cruel king of Scisili: who tearing Barbar's hands,
Was wont to singe his boar himselfe, with cole and fire brans.
Hath caught vs this, the proose whereof ful plainly we may see.

Was never thing more likly touched, so shewe it so to be. 24
 This king did seeme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
 Because he thought none like to him, in power or in micht.
 Who did alone so faire excell the rest in his degree, 25
 As doth the Sunne in brightnes cleare, the darkest starre we see.
 Will thou (then sayd this cruell king) proue this my present state, 26
 Possele thou shalt this seat of mine, and so be fortunate.
 Ful gladly then this Damacles, this preferr'd honour tooke,
 And shooting at a princely life, his quiet rest forsooke.
 In honour's seat then was he plas't, according to his will,
 Forthwith a banquet was prepared, that he migh feast his fill.
 Nothing did want wherin twas thought, that he could take delite,
 To feede his eye, to fill his mouth, or please the appetite.
 Such strok of plate, I thinke in Grete, therre carlyp was so much,
 His seruiteurs did angels seeme, their passing shape was such.
 No daynty dish but there it was, and therof was such store,
 That through out Grece so princely cheere, was never seene before.
 Thus while in pompe and pleasures seat, this Damacles was plas't,
 And did begin with gladsome hart, each dainty dish to cast.
 At length by chaunce cast by his eyes, and gan the house to vewe,
 And saw a sight that him enforst his princely shote to rewe.
 A swerd forsooth with downwarde poure, that had no stronger chread,
 Then one horse heere that peised it, direct vpon his head.
 Wherewich he was so soze amasde, and shake in every part,
 As though the swerd that hong aboue, had stroke him to the hart.
 Then all their pleasures tooke their leue, & sorrow came in place,
 His heauie hart the teares declarde, that trickled down his face.
 And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the king of grace,
 That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of that place.
 And sayd that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
 What tis to be a happy man, and princely rule to berae.
 This deede of thine oh Dionise, deserue a immortal fame,
 This deede shall alwayes lye with prayse, though thou diest full of shame.
 Whereby both kinges be put in mind, their dangers to be great,
 And subiects be for bid to clime, high steppes of honours seat.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

G. lxx.

48. Fortitude.

52. 25. 104
The Paradise

48. Fortlunde. A young man of Egypt, and Valerian.

E The one deserues great praysse to haue, but yet not like I thinke,
Both he that can sustaine the yoke of paines, & doth not sympathe.
And he whom Cupids couert crasf can nochtong moue at all,
Into the hard and tangled knottes of Venus snare to fall.
Vesturre you then who so delightes in vertues race to ronne,
The synging bope with bow ibent, by strength to ouer come.
As one dyd once when he was young, and in his tender ynges,
Whose stoute and noble deede of his hath got immortall praysse.
The wicked Romaines did pursue the sely Christians than,
What time Valerian Emperour was a wicked cruel man.
Who spared not with bloudy daughtres, to quench his owne desire,
Dispatching all that stucke to Christ with hote consuming fire.
At length a man of tender yeeres was brought before his sight,
Such one as Matre seemed to make a witnes of her myght.
For every part so well was set, that nothing was deuyaued,
So that the cruell king himselfe, would gladly him haue sauied.
So loth he was to see a wroke, so rare of Natures powre,
So finely built so sodainly destroyed within an howre.
Then meaues he sought to ouercome, to win hym at the leste,
To slip from Christ whom he before had earnestly profest.
A bedde preparde, so finely dect, such diuers pleasant smels,
That well it might appeare a place, where plesaunce onely dwells,
By him he layd a naked wench, a Venus darling sure,
With sugred speach & lonely toyes, that might his mind allure.
Such wanton lewdes as these he thought, might easly hym entise,
Which thinges he knew with lassie youth, had alwayes ben in prize.
Such wayes I thinke the Gods themselues, could haue inuented none,
For slatering Venus overcomes the sentes every chone,
And he himselfe was even at poynct, to Venus to consent,
Had not his stoute and manly minde resisted his entem.
When he perceiued his flesh to yeeld to pleasures wanton toyes,
And was by flighe almost pronoked, to tast of Venus ioyes.
More cruel to himselfe then those, that glad wold him vndoo,
With bloudy coch, his tender tongue, bothe quicke and cleane in twoo.

Thus

Thus was the paine so passing greate of this his bloudie bise,
 That all the fire and carnall luste, was quenched every whiche.
 Doe ill and all thy pleasures then full sone wylle passe awaie,
 But yet the shame of those thy deedes, will never more departe.
 Doe well and though thy paines be great, yet som tyme one will cease,
 But yet the praise of those thy deedes will evermore increase.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

58. Justice. Zalench and his Sonne.

53
 Et rulers make moste perfect lawes, to rule bothe greate and smal.
 If cheir them selues obeye them not, it boteth not at all.
 As lawes be noughe but rulers dome, contynng egall myght,
 So rulers should bee speakyng Lawes, to rule by line of right.
 Zalench the Prince of Locrine once, appointed by decree,
 Eche Lecherer should bee punished, with losse of eicher eye.
 His sonne by chaunce offendid first, whiche when his facher sawe,
 Lorde God how earnest then was he, to execute the Lawe.
 Then ranne the people all by flockes, to hym with weepyng eyes,
 Not one emong the route therewas, but pardon, pardon crieth.
 By whose oucries and earnest suete, his sonne in hope did stande,
 That he thereby shold then obtaine, some pardon at his hande.
 But all in vaine, for he is founde to bee the man he was,
 And maketh haste so muche the more, to haue the Lawe to passe.
 The people yet renued their suete, in hope of some reliet,
 Whose faces all besprent with teares, did testifie their grief.
 And cried all for pities sake, yelde now to our request,
 If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the paine at least.
 Then somewhat was the facher moued, with all the peoples voyce,
 And every man did giue a shooote, to shewe cheir did riotoyce.
 Well then q̄ he, it shall bee thus, the Lawe shall bee fulfilde,
 And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, accordyng as you wilde.
 One eye of his shall bee pulde out, thus hach his leudnesse got,
 And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.
 This wōrde no soner was pronounced, but straite the deede was doen,
 Two eyes, no mo were lefte, betwene the facher and the sonne.
 Haie nowe who can, and on my faithe Apollo he shall bee,
 Was he more gentle facher lo ȝo iuster Judge crowe ye.
 This man would not his Lawes belike, the webbs the Spiders weue,

W.J.

Wherein

The Paradise

Wherin thei lurke when thei incende, the simple to deceiue.
Wherewith small flies full sone be caught, and tangled ere thei wiste,
When greate ones flye and scape awaie, and breake them as thei liste.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

59. Temperaunce. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.

If nature bear thei so greate Loue, that she in thei haue beautie plaine
Full hard it is as we doe proue, to keepe the bodie cleane and chaste:

Twixt corneliness and chastitie,

A deadlie strife is thought to be,

For beautie whiche some men suppose, to be as tware a golden ill,
Provoketh strifes and many foes, that leke on her to worke her will;

Assaults to Tonnes if many make,

No Toune so strong but maie beake,

And this Spurina witness can, who did for beautie beare the bell,
So cleane a wight so comely made, no dame in Rome but loued well

Not one could coole her hoce desire,

So burning was the flame of fire.

Like as when baite caste in the cloud, forchid doeth cause the fishes come
That pleasauncly before bid plaie, now presently to death to runne:

For when thei see the baite to fall,

Straight waie thei swallowe hooke and all.

So when Spurina thei did see, to hym thei stoccked out of hande,
She happest dame was thoughte to be, that in his fauour moste did stand

Not knowyng vnder sweete decretis,

How Venus hides her poisoned baies.

But whē he saue them thus to range, who loue had linked in his chain
This meanes he soughte for to asswage, these Ladies of their greenous
offenderit. His shape incendieng to disgeace, (pain.)

With many wounds he scorche his face,

By which his deede it came to passe, that he that seemed an angell bright
Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a lochsome wight,

And rather had he be foule and chaste,

Then faire, and filthie toyes to take.

What pen can write, or tong expresse, the worthy praises of this deede,
Me thinke that God ca do no lesse, then graſſe him heauē for his meede

Who for to sauē hym self upright,

Hym self hath first destroied quicke,

Finis M. E.

60. A branch of herbes and flowers.

I that eche flower, the Gods haue framed, or shapte by sacred skill,
 Where as I would (no wrong to wil) and myne to weare at will,
 Dels eche tree, with lussie cop, would leude me leue to Loue,
 With sprigges dispalied to spread my succ, a waulyng harre to proue.
 Upon my helme sone shold you see, my hedde aduaunced hie,
 Some slipp for solace there to set, and weare the same would I.
 Yet woulid I not for greate delight, the Daisies straunge desire,
 The Lillie woulid not like my luste, nor Rose woulid I require.
 The Marigolde might growe for me, Rosemarie well might reste,
 The Fenell to, that is more sitt, for some vnfrendly geste.
 No Cowsloppes woulid I craue at all, sometymes thei seem to cope,
 Some ioly pouch the Gelliflower, estemeth for his ioye.
 The Lauender sometymes alosse, alures the lookers eyes,
 The Paunsie shall not haue the praise, where I maie give the pris.
 And thus no flower my fancies seedes, or liketh so my luste,
 As that I maie subiecte my self, to toyes of tickle triste,
 For flowers though thei be faire and freshe, of sent excellyng sweete,
 Yet growe thei on the grunde belowe, we tread them with our feete.
 And shall I then goe stoupe to suchelosse els goe seke to thole,
 Shall flowers enforc me once to faune, for feare of frends or foxe.
 Yet rather yelde I to the right, as reason hath assinde,
 Myne auchour saied there was no salue, in flowers for me to finde.
 And yet perhaps some Tree there is, to shoude me from the shower,
 That wil her armes maie salue the soule, that yeldeh to her power.
 Where I maie finde some pleasaunt shade, to salue me from the Sunne
 Eche thyng we see that reason hath, vncep the Trees doe runne.
 Both men and beastis suche soules as fyres, the treasures are the trees,
 And for my parte when braunches fall, I wil no other fees,
 But when that stormes besett me rounde, suche succour God me sende,
 That I maie finde a frendlie Tree, that will me well defende.
 No Tree there is whiche yelds no good, to some that doeth it seke:
 And as thei are of diuerse kinds, their vses are unlike.
 The Eue tree serues the Bowyers tourne, the Ashe the Coupers arte,
 The puissaunt Oke doeth make the posse, the Pine some other parte.
 The Elme doeth helpe to hide the birds, in wearie Winters night,
 The Biers I gesse are nothyng worth, thei serue but for despight.

The Paradise

The Willowe wylt I farre from hence, good will deserue no wrong,
The Sallowe well maie serue their states, that syng so sad a song.
The Boxe and Beeche eche for hym self, aboue the reste doeth bothe,
The Eglantine for pleasure ofte, is pricked upon thc poste,
The Hauchorne so is had in pris, the Baies doe heare the bell,
And that these Baies did bryng no blisse, I like it not so well.
As erst I doe that semely Tree, by whiche those Baies I founde,
And where wchall unwittyngly, I tooke so greate a wounde,
As if che Tree by whiche I lenc, doeth lende me no relief,
There is no helpe but doun I fall, so greate is growne my gries,
And therfore at the laste I craue, this sauour for to finde,
When every Tree that here is colde, beginns to growe unkinde.
The B. for beautie whom I bothe, and shall aboue the reste,
That B. maie take me to her cruse, for B. doeth please me best.
It lks me well to walke the wate, where B. doeth keepe her bower,
And when it Raines to B. I runne to saue me from the shower.
This braunch of B. whiche here I meane, to kepe and chiesly craue,
At berke vnto this B. I bothe, to serue that beautie braue.
What shall I saie the cyme doeth passe, the tale to tedious is,
Though lothe to leaue, yet leaue I must, and saie no more but this.
I wylsh this B. I might embrace, when as the same I see,
A league for life then I require, bwthene this B. and me.
And though unworthy, yet good will doeth worke the wate herein
And B. hath broughte the same above, which beautie did begin. Finis.

56 62. In commendation of Musick. (preesse,

¶ Here griping goyes þ hart wold moue, & dolfull dypes þ mind op.
There Musick with her siluer sond, is wone to spede to gliae redresse:
Of troubled myndz for every soze, sweete Musick hath a salue in store.
In ioy it makz our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauie sprits,
The carefull head relief hath found, by Musicks pleasant sweete delits;
Our senses, what shold I saie moze, are subiecte vnto Musicks loue.

The Gods by Musick hath their prae, the foule therin doeth ioye,
For as the Romain Poets saie, in seas whom Pirats would destrope,
A Dolphin saude from death moste sharpe, Arion plaiyng on his harpe
Oh heauely gift, þ turnes the minde, like as the sterne doeth rule þ ship,
Of musick whō the gods assignde to cōfort mā, whom cares would nip
With þ both man & beast doest moue, what wilemā thē will thē reproue.

FINIS.

of daintie deuises.

33

57

63. A dialog betwene the auctour and his eye.

Auctour.

M^eye why didst thou light on that, whiche was not thyne?
Why hast thou with thy sight, thus slaine an harte of mynes?
O thou vnhappy e^ye, would God thou hadst been blinde,
When first thou didst her spie, for whom this grief I finde,

Eye.

Why sir it is not I, that doe deserue suche blame,
Your fancie not your eye, is causer of the same:
For I am readie prest, as page that serues your ease,
To searche what thyng is bessle, that might your fancie please.

Auctour.

I sent thee forthe to see, but not so long to bide,
Though fancie went with thee, thou wert my fancies guider:
Thy message beyng doen, thou mights retourne againe,
To Cupid Venus sonne, no whit my harte should paine.

Eye.

Where fancie beareth swaye, there Cupid will bee bolde, } fancie and
And reason flies awaie, from Cupids shafte of golde: } reason.
If you finde cause thereby, some deale of painfull smarte,
Alas blame not your eye, but blame consenc of harte.

Auctour.

My harte must I excuse, and laye the fault on thee,
Because thy sight did chuse, when harte from thought was free:
Thy sight thus brought consente, consente hath b^red my grief,
And grief bids bee content, with sorrowe for relief.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

64. Fyndyng no ioyc, he desireth death.

whil tут um

T^ehe Conie in his caue, the Feret doeth annoye,
And sleyng thence his life to sau^e, hym self he doeth destrope.

His Berrie rounde about beset, with Hunters snares,
So that when he to scape startes out, is caught thererin unwares,
Like choise poore man haue I to bide and reste in loue,
Djels from thence to slie, as badde a deach to poure.

I see, in loue to reste, vnkindnesse doeth pursue,
To rent the harte out of his b^reast, whiche is a Louer true:

H. iii.

And

The Paradise

And if from Loue I starte, as one that Loue forsakes,
Then pensive thoughts my harte doeth pearce, and so my life it takes,
Then thus to flie or bide, hard is the choise to chuse,
Since death hath campd, and trenched eche side, & saith life now refuse.

Tentene I am therefore, my life therein to spende,
And deach I take a salue for soye, my wearie daies to ende.
And thus I you require, that fauchfull Lions professe,
When carcass cased is in chesse, and bodie laid on hearse.
Your brinish teares to saue, suche as my corse shall moue,
And therewich write vpon my graue, beholde the force of Loue.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

59
65

Hope well and haue well.

*H*ope the Shipman holseth saile, in hope of passage good,
In hope of healthe the sick man, doeth suffer losse of blood:
In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines, hopes libertie to finde,
Thus hope breeds health, and health breeds ease, to every troubled mynde.

In hope desire gett's victorie, in hope greate comfort syngs,
In hope the Louer liues in toyes, he feares no dreadfull syngs:
In hope we liue and maiest abide, suche stormes as are affigde,
Thus hope breeds health, & health breeds ease, to every troubled mynde.

In hope we easly suffer harme, in hope of future tyme,
In hope of fruite, the paine semes sweete, that to the tree doeth clime:
In hope of Loue suche glorie growes, as now by propse I finde,
That hope breeds health, & health breeds ease to euery troubled mynde.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

60
66
He requesteth some frendly comfort, affirmynge his constancie.

*T*he mountaines hie whose loftie coppes, doeth mete the hautie sky
The craggie rocke that to the sea, free passage doeth deny:
The aged Oke that doeth resist, the force of blustering blaste,
The pleasant hearbe that every where, a fragrant smell doeth caste,
The Lions force whose courage stout, declares a princelike myght,
The Eagle that for worshynesse, is borne of kyngs in figh:
The Serpent cke whose poisoned laws, doeth belche out venime vyle,
The lochsome Tode that shunneth light, and liueth in exile.
These these I saie and thousands more, by tracte of tyme decaie,
And like to tyme doo quicke consume, and vade from tyme to clare:

But

But my true harte and seruice vowed, shall laste tyme out of minde,
And still remaines as thyne by dome, as Cupid hath assyngde.
My faithe loe here I bowe to thee, my trothe thou knowest right well,
My goods my frends, my life is thyne, what neede I more to tell?
I am not myne, but thyne I have, thy hest I will obeye,
And serue thee as a seruaunt ought, in pleasyng if I maie:
And siche I haue no flyng wyngs, to see thee as I wilhe,
Ne sinnes to cut the siluer streames, as dooth the glidynge fishe.
Wherfore leauue now forgetfullnesse, and sende againe to me,
And straine thy azured vaines to white, then I maie greyng see:
And thus farewell more deare to me, then chiesell frende I haue,
Whose Loue in harte I minde to shyne, till death his see doe craue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

His complaneth his mishapp.

61

Shall rigour raigne where ruch hath run, shall fangie now forsake?
Shall fortune lose that fauour woxne, shall not your anger flake?
Shall hatefull harte be had in you, that frenwylly did pretende,
Shall slipper thought and saiche vntrue, that harte of yours defende?
Shall nature shewe your beautie faire, that gentle semes to bee?
Shall frowardnesse your fancies heire, be of moze force then she?
Shall now disdaine the dragg of death, directe and leade the waie?
Shall all the imps vpon the peart, reioyce at my decaie?

Shall this the seruice of my youtch, haue suche reward at lasse?
Shall I receive rigour of ruche, and be from fauour cast?
Shall I therefore berent my heares, with wights that wilh to dye?
O shall I bathe my self with teares, to feede your sickle eye.

No, no, I shall in paine lye still, with turte Doun moste true,
And bowe my self to witt and will their counsels to ensue:
Good Ladies all that Louers be, and that to be pretende,
Give place to witt, let reason seme, our enemie to defende.

Lest that you chinke as I haue thought, your self to stroue in vaine,
And so to be in chalduome brought, with me to suffer paine.

FINIS. M. Hennis.

No foy to a flatterer.

62

[Would it were not as I chinke, I would it were not so,
I am not blinde althoough I winke, I seele what winds doe blowe:

31

The Paradise

I kno we where crafft, with smyng cheare, creys into boldned brest,
I heare how fained speache speaks faire, where hatred is possesse.
I see the Serpent lye and lurcke, under the grene alowe,
I see hym watche atyme to worke, his poplone to bestowe.

In frendly lookes such fraude is founde, as faiche for feare is fled,
And frenship hath receiue such wounde, as he is almoste ded.
And hatefull herte with malice greate, so boiles in cankred mynde,
That flatterie flaryng in the face, had almoste made me blinde,
But now I see all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet such frends as thei professe, as now by proose I trye.

Though secret spight by crafft, hath made a coate of panter skin,
And thinks to finde me in the shad, by sleight to wapp me in,
Yet God bee praised my eye is cleare, and can beholde the Sunne:
Wher falshood dare not once appeare, to ende that he begonne,
Thus tym shall crye the thyng amisse, whiche God sau shoxly sende,
And courne the herte that fained is, to bee a faichfull frende.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

63
an endlesse worke. 69

His comparison of Loue.

The Spider with greate skill, doeth trauell daie by daie,
His lymmes no tyme lye still, to set his house in stalle:
And when he hath it wrought, thinking therin to raigne,
A blaste of winde vnboughc, doeth drie it dounre againe.

The proose whereof is true, to make his worke indure,
He paines hym self a newe, in hope to dwell more sure:
And in some secret place, a corner of a wall,
He frameth hym self a pace, to builde and rest withall.

His pleasure sweete to staine, when he to rest is bene,
An vgly shamble flee, appocheth to his tent:
And he there entendes by force, his labours greace to win,
Dyels to veld his corse, by fatall deach therein.

Thus is the Spiders nest, from tyme to tyme throdane downe,
And he to labour prest, with endlesse paine unknowne:
So such as Louers bee, like trauell doe attaine,
Those endlesse works ye see, are alwates full of paine.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

A

of daintie deuises.

70

33

64

A Lovers joye.

I haue no ioye, but dreame of ioye, and ioye to thinke on ioye,
A ioye I withstoode, for to enioye, to finishe myne annoyse,
I hate not without cause alas, yet Loue I knowe not why,
I thought to hate, I can not hate, althoough that I shold dye.
A soe mooste sweete, a frende mooste lower, I ioye soz to embrase.
I hate the wrong, and not the wight, that wrokt my wofull case:
What chyng it is I knowe not I, but yet a chyng there is,
That in my fancie still perswads, there is no other blisse.
The ioyes of life, the panges of death, it make me feele eche date,
But life nor death, this humour can, devise to weare awaie.
Faine woulde I dye, but yet in death no hope I see remaines,
And shall I liue? since life I see, a course of sorie paines:
What is it then that I doe seeke, what ioye woulde I aspire,
A chyng that is devine be like, to high for mans desire.

FINIS. F. K,

71

Euill to hym that euill thinketh.

65

The subtil stille sleights, that woxly men doe woynke,
The friendly shoures, vnder whose shade, in osse crast doeth often
Enforceth me alas, with pernfull boyce to saie, Slurke:
Wo worthe the wilie heads that seeks, the simple mans deacie,
The birde that vreads no guile, is sonest caughte in snare,
Eche gentle harte deuoide of craste, is sonest broughte to care:
Good nature sonest trapt, whiche giues me cause to saie,
Wo worthe the wilie heads, that seeks the simple mans deacie.

I see the werpent vyle, that lurkes vnder the grene,
How subtilly he shwoode hym self, that he maiest not be sene:
And yet his solters bane, his leryng lookes bewraye,
Wo worthe the wilie heads that leeks, the simple mans deacie.

Wo worthe the feynyng looks, on fauour that we doe waite,
Wo worthe the feined frendly harte, that harbourds deepe deceite:
Wo worthe the Cipers bwoode, oh chise wo worthe I saie,
All worldlie wilie heads, that seeks the simple mans deacie.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

He assureth his constancie.

J.J.

Witch

The Paradise

66

WIth painted speache I list not proue, my cumyng for to trie,
Nor yet will use to fill my penne, with gilefull flatteries:
With pen in hand, & hart in brest, shall faichful promise make
To loue you beste, and serue you moste, by your greate vertuts sake.

And sure dame Nature hath you deckt, with gifts aboue the reste,
Let not Disdaine a harbonr finde, within your noble brest:
For Ldue hath lead his lawe alike to men of eche degrre,
So that the Begger with the Prince shall Loue as well as he.

I am no Prince I muste confesse, nor yet of Princes line,
Nor yet a bruishe Begger borne, that feeds among the Swiner
The fruite shall trie the Tree at laste, the blossomes good or no,
Then doe not iudge of me the worse, till you haue tried me so.

As I deserue, so then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be false in wo:de or deede, let Lightnyng Thunder fall:
And Furies fell with frantike fits, bereue and stey my b:reache,
So; an example to the reste, if I shall b:reake my faische.

73 FINIS. M. Hennis.

67

Complainyng his mischapp to his frende, he complaineth wittely:

A. **T**he fire shall freze, the frost shall frie the frozen moutains bie
B. **T**hat straunge things hath dame natures force, to turne her

A. **M**y Loue hath me left, and taken a newe man: (course awrie

B. This is not straunge, it happes ofte tyme, che crutche to stan,

A. The more is my paine, **B.** her Loue then refraine.

A. Who thought she would flitt, **B.** eche one that hath witt,

A. Is this not straunge, **B.** light Loue will chaunge.

A. By skilfull meanes I here reclaine, to stoope unto my lure,

B. Suche haggard Hawkes will soare awaie, of them who can be sau'd

A. With siluer bells and hoode, my ioye was her to decke,

B. She was full gorgde, she would the soner glue the checke,

A. The more is my paine, **B.** her Loue then refraine.

A. Who thought she would flitt, **B.** eche one that hath witt,

A. Is not this straunge, **B.** light Loue will chaunge,

A. Her chirpyng lips should chirpe to me, swete words of her deser

B. Suche chirpyng birdes who euer sawe, to preach still on one bire,

A. She saied she loued me beste, and would not till she die,

B. She saied in wordes, she thought it not, as cyme doeth trie.

4. The

- A. The more is my paine, B. her Loue then refraine:
 A. Who thought he would flitt, B. eche one that hath witt,
 A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge,
 A. Can no man winne a woman so, to make her Loue endure,
 B. To make che foye his wiles to leaue, what man will put in hys?
 A. Why then there is no choise, but all women will chaunge,
 B. As men doe vse, so some women doe Loue to raunge.
 A. The more is my paine, B. her Loue then refraine,
 A. Who thought he would flitt, B. eche one that hath witt,
 A. Is not this straunge, B. light Loue will chaunge.
- A. Sith slipper gaine falleth to my lot, farewell that glidynge maie,
 B. Sith that the dice doeth runne awrie, betymes leaue of thy plate,
 A. I will no more lamente, the chyng I mafe not haue,
 B. Then by exchaunge the losse to come, all shalt thou saue.
 A. Loue will I refraine, B. thereby thou shalt gaine,
 A. With losse I will leaue, B. she will thee deceiue;
 A. That is not straunge, B. then let her raunge.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

74 No paines comparable to his attempr.

68
Like as the dolefull Dove, delights alone to bee,
 And doeth refuse the bloumed branche, chusyng the leafelle tree.
 Wheron wailynge his chaunce, with bitter teares besyenc,
 Doeth with his bill, his tender breaste ofte pearle and all to rent,
 Whose greeuous gronyngs cho: whose grijs of pinyng palne,
 Whose gasty looks, whose bloudie streams out slowyng frō ech bain,
 Whose fallyng from the tree, whose pantyng on the grounde,
 Examples bee of myne estate, cho therre appere no wounde.

FINIS. W. Humin.

75 Herепente th his follie. hide cantor 13.

69
Alacke when I stroke backe, vpon my pouch thatz paske,
 And deevely pouder youthes offence, and youths reward at laste.
 Whisighes and teares I late, O God I not denie,
 By pouch whic follie hath deserued, with follie for to die,
 But yet if euer synfull man, might mercie moue to rithe,
 Good Lorde with mercie doe forgive, the follies of my pouche.
 In pouch I rangde the feelds, where vices all did growe,

The Paradise

In youth alas I wanted grace, suche bise to ouerchowe,
In youth what I thought sweete, mosse bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with folly kept me blind
Yet as the Egle castes her bill, whereby her age renneth,
So Lorde with mercie doe forgiue, the follies of my pouch.

FINIS. M. Humis. odo on a 1713 folio

No pleasure without some paine.

How can the tree but wast, and wither awaie,
That hath not sometyme comforde of the Sunne?
How can that flower but fade, and sone deacie,
That alwaies is with darcke clouds runne.
Is this a life, naye death you make it call,
That feeleth eche paine, and knoweth no ioy at all.
What foodlesse beast can liue long in good plight?
Or is it life, where sensess there be none?
Or what auaileth eyes without their light?
Or els a tongue, to hym that is alone.
Is this a life, naye death you make it call,
That feeleth eche paine, and knoweth no ioy at all.

Wherto serue eares, if that there be no sound
Or suche a head, where no devise doeth graue?
But all of plantes, since sorrowe is the grounde,
Wherby the harte doeth pine in deable moe.
Is this a life, naye death you make it call,
That feeleth eche paine, and knoweth no ioy at al.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

The frute offained frendes.

The chiose of frendes what hap had I, to chuse one of Tirés kind, blind
whose harp, whose pipe, whose melody could fede my ears & make me
Whose pleasant voice made me forget, þ in surc trust is gret deceit.
In trust I see is treason sonnde, and man to man deceitfull is.
And whereas treasure doeth abounde, of flatterers there doe not misse:
Whose painted speache, & vurnard shew, do seme as frendes & be not so.
Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the Crocadill;
Whiche is a man a slepe mate see, with bloudie thirst desires to kill:
And then w teares a while gan wepe, sche death of him thus slaine a slepe

O fauell false, thou traitor borne, what mischiesf more might y devise
Then thy deare frened to haue in scorne, & hym to wound in sundry wise
Whiche still a frened pretends to bee, and are not so by proove I see.

Fie, fie, vpon such trecherie. W. H.

If such false Shippes doe haunce the shoyre,

Strike doun the saile and cruse no more.

M. Edwards.

72
7 Ge A dialogue betwene a Gentleman and his Loue.

- A. Shall I no wate winne you, to graunt my desire?
 B. What woman will graunt you, the thyng you require?
 A. You onely to Loue me, is all that I craue,
 B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.
 A. My deare alas, now saie not so,
 B. To Loue you beste I must saie no:
 A. Yet will I not sitt, B. then plaine on the bitt.
 B. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
 A. The swifter I followe, then you flie awaie,
 B. Swift hauks in their fleyng, oft tymes misse their paze,
 A. Yet some killerch deadly, that flie to the marke:
 B. You shall touche no feather, therof take no carke.
 A. Yet hope shall further my desire,
 B. You blowe the coales, and raise no fire,
 A. Yet will I not sitt, B. then plaine on the bitt.
 B. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
 A. To Loue is no daunger, where true Loue is ment,
 B. I will Loue no ranger, least that I repene:
 A. My Loue is no raunger, I make God auow,
 B. To trust your smothe satyngs, I sure knowe not how.
 A. Moste truche I meane, as tyme shall well trie,
 B. No truche in men, I ofte espie,
 A. Yet will I not sitt, B. then plaine on the bitt.
 B. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
 A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
 A. Some women maie saie naie, and meane Loue moste true,
 B. Some women can make fooles, of as wise men as yours.

I. iii.

A. In

The Paradise

- A. In tyme I shall catche you, I knowe when and where.
B. I will sone dispatche you, you shall not come there.
A. Some spedys at length, that ofte haue misse,
B. I am well armde, come when you list.
A. Yet will I not flitt, B. then plaie on the bite.
A. I will, B. doe still, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
A. Make me your man, B. beshewe me than.
A. Yet worke your kinde kindly, graunt me Loue for Loue,
B. I will vse you frendly, as I shal you proue:
A. Misse true you shall finde me, I this doe proffess,
B. Then sure you shall binde me, to graunce your request.
A. D'haippie chreede, now haue I spunne,
B. You syng before the conquest wonne.
A. Whyn then will you swarue, B. euern as you deserue:
A. Loue still, B. I will, A. yet kill not, B. I will not.
A. Make me your man, B. come to me than.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

Exclamynge upon his vnkinde Loue his frende replieth wittely.

- M. What death mate bee, compared to Loue?
H. What grief therin, now doest thou proue?
M. My paines alas, who can expresse,
H. I see no cause of heauiness,
M. My Ladie looks, my woe hath wrought:
H. Then blame thyne eyes, that firsle hath sought,
M. I burne alas, and blowe the fire,
H. A foole consumes by his desire,
M. What shall I doe than: H. come out and thou can,
M. Alas I die, H. what remedie?
M. My sugred sweete, is mixed with gall,
H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all:
M. The more I seeke, the lesse I finde,
H. Then striue not with the stremme and wind,
M. Her must I Loue, althoough I smarre,
H. With her owne sworde, thou slaiest thy hart
M. Suche pleasaunte baits, who can restraine,
H. Suche baits will sure breede thee greate paine,

M. What

39

of daintie deuises.

M. What shall I doe than? H. Come out and thou can.

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

M. Her golden beames, myne eyes doe daze,

H. Upon the Sunne thou maest not gazer:

M. She might reward my cruell smarke,

H. She thinks thou hardst a fained harte,

M. She laughs to heare my wofull cries,

H. Forsake her then, in tyme bee wise:

M. No, no, alas, that maie not bee,

H. No wise man then, will pitie thee,

M. What shall I doe than? H. come out and thou can.

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

M. A liuyng death, loe thus I proue,

H. Suche are the syres of froward Louer:

M. O that I might her Loue once gaine,

H. Thy gaine would not, halfe quice the paine.

M. Her will I Loue, though she be coyse,

H. A foole hym self, will still annoyse:

M. Who will not die, for suche a one?

H. Bee wisc at length, let her alone:

M. I can not doe so, H. then be thy owne so,

M. Alas I die, H. what remedie.

FINIS. E. S.

*The complaint of a Louer, wearyng
Blacke and Taunie.*

74

N Crouns of Baies shall that man weare,
That triumphs ouer me:
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare,
Whiche mournyng coulers bee.

The more I followe on, the more she fled awaie,
As Daphne did full long agoe, Apollos wishfull praier.
The more my plaints resounde, the lesse she pities me,
The more I sought, the lesse I founde, that myne she meant to be.

Helpomene, alas with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng Bis woe worthe on me forsaken man;

Then

The Paradise

Then Daphnes Baies shall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare, whiche mournyng colours be.

Droune me you tricklyng teares, you wailefull wights of woe,
Come helpe these hands to rent my heares, my rewfull hap to shewe:
On whom the scorchyng flames of Loue, doeth feede you see,
Ah alalalandia my deare Dame, hath thus tormentted me.

Wherfore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng Bis woe worthe on me forsaken man:
Then Daphnes Baies shall that man weare, that triumphs ouer me,
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare, whiche mournyng colours be.

An Acre's life to leade, with nailes to scratche my graue,
Where earthly wormes on me shall feede, is all the ioyes I craue;
And hide my self from shame, siche that myne eyes doe see,
Ah alalalandia my deare dame, hath thus tormentted me.

And all that present bee, with dolefull tunes helpe than:
And syng Bis woe worthe on me, forsaken man,

FINIS. E. O.

75
4
Finding no releef, he complaineth thus.
In quest of my releef, I finde distresse,
In recompence of Loue, mosse depe disdaine:
My langour such, as words maie not expresse,
A shower of teares, my watrishe eye doeth raine.
I dreame of this, and doe deuine of woe,
I wander in the thoughts of my sweete foe.

I would no peace, the cause of warre I flee,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in frostie:
I lye a lowe, yet mounts my mynde on hie,
Thus doubtfull stormes, my troubled thoughts haue tosse,
And for my paine, this pleasure doe I proue,
I hate my self, and pine in others Loue.

The worlde I graps, yet holde I nought at all,
At libertie I seeme, in prison pent:
I taste the sweete, moze sober then bitter gall,
My shipp seemes sounde, and yet her ribbs bee rent,
And out alas, on Fortune falle I crie,

Looke

40
51

of daintie deuises.

Looke what I craue, that still she doeth denie.

Bothe life and deaþ, be equall unto me,

I doc desire to die, yet craue I life.

My witts with sondrie thoughts doe disagree,

My self am with my self at mortall strife.

As warmth of Sunne, doeth melte the siluer Snowe,

The heate of Loue, beholde consumes me so.

FINIS. R. Hall.

A Loner disdained, complaineth.

If euer man had loue to dearly bought,

Lo I am he that plaieth within her maze;

And finds no waie, to get the same I sought,

But as the Dere are driven unto the gaze,

And to augment the grief of my desire,

My self to burne, I blowe the fire:

But shall I come npe you?

Offorce I must flie you.

What death alas, mate be compared to this,

I plaine within the maze of my sweete soe:

And when I would of her but craue a kis,

Disdaine enforzech her awaile to goe,

My self I checke; yet doe I twiste the twine,

The pleasure hers, the paine is myne,

But shall I come npe you.

Offorce I must flie you.

You courtly wights, that wants your pleasant choyse,

Lende me a floud of teares, to waile my chaunce:

Happie are thei in Loue, that can reioyce,

To their greate paines, where Fortune doeth aduaunce,

But sith my suice alas, can not preuaile,

Ful fraught with care, in grief still will I waile:

Sith you will nedes flie me,

I maie not come npe you.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Beyng in Loue, he complaineth.

R.J.

J.C.

The Paradise

77
If care or skill could conquerre vaine desire,
Or reasons raignes, my strong affection staine
Then shold my sighs to quiet brest retire,
And shunne suche signes, as secret thoughts bewraye.
Uncomely Loue, whiche now lurk's in my breast,
Should cease my grief, through wisedomes power opprest.

But who can leauue, to looke on Venus face?
Or yeldeh not, to Junos high estate:
What witt so wise, as gives not Pallas place,
These vereues rare, eche Gods did yelde amate.
Saue her alone, who yet on yeart heth raigne,
Whose beaucies stryng, no God can weldestraine.
What worldly wight, can hove for heavenly hire,
When onely lights, must make his secret monc:
A silent sute, docth selde to grace aspire,
My haplesse happ doeth roule the restlesse stome,
Pet phebe faire, disdainde the heauens aboue,
To ioye on yeart, her poore Edimions lone.

Rare is reward, where none can justly craue,
For chaunce is choise, where reason maks no claime:
Pet lucke sometymes, dispairyng soules doeth saue,
A happy Starre made Giges ioye attaine,
A slauishe Smiche, of rude and rascall race,
Founde meanes in tym, to gaine a Goddes grace.

Then lostie Loue, by sacred sailes aduaunce,
My sickyng seas shall flowe with streames of tearess:
Amidds disdaine, drine forthe my dolefull chance.
A valiaunt mynde, no deadly daunger feares.
Who loues a losse, and settis his harte on hie,
Deserues no paine, thongh he doe pine and die.

FINIS. E. O.

84
A Louer recited, complaineth.
The tricklyng teares, that falles along my cheeks,
The secret sighs, that shewes my inward grief:
The present paines perforce, that Loue ayē seeks,
Bidds me renewe, my cares without relief.

This song is tryse set

In wofull song in dole displaie,
My pensiu harte soz to bewzaile.

Bewzaile thy grief, thy wofull harte with speede,
Resigne thy voyce, to her that causde thy woe:
With irksome cries, bewaile thy late doen deede,
For she thou louest, is sure thy mortall foe,
And helpe soz thee, there is none sure,
But still in paine, thou must endure.

The striken Deare hath helpe to heale his wounde,
The haggerd Hawk, with toyle is made full tamer:
The Strongest Tower, the Canon laies on grounde,
The wisest witt, that ever had the fame.
Was th' all to Loue, by Cupids sleights,
Then waite my case with equall weights.

She is my ioye, she is my care and wo,
She is my paine, she is my ease therfore:
She is my deach, she is my life also,
She is my salue, she is my wounded soze.
In fine, she hath the hande and knife,
That mait bothe laue, and ende my life.

And shall I liue on yearech to be her thall's
And shall I sue, and serue her all in vainer?
And kisse che chepps, that she let's fall,
And shall I praie the Gods, to keepe the paine
From her, that is so cruell still,
No, no, on her wo:ke all your will.

And let her seele the power of all your might
And let her haue her moste desire with speede:
And let her pine awaie, bothe daie and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her neede,
And let all chose, that shall her see,
Despise her stace, and picle me.

FINIS. E. O.

Nor attainingg to his desire, he complaineth.

I am not as seme to bee, nor when I smile, I am not glade:
A chall although you count me fré, A molte in mirth, most pessue lade:

The Paradise

I smyle to shadē my bitter spight, as Haniball that sawe in sight:
His countre soile with Cartilage tounē: by Romain force defaced down.

And Cesar that presented was, with noble Pompeis princely heade,
As twere some iudge to rule the case a floud of teares he semide to shed
Although in deede it sprong of ioye, yet other thought it was annoye,
Thus contraries be vsed I finde, of wile to cloke the couert mynde,

I Haniball that smiles for grief, and let you Cesars grief suffice,
The one that laughs at his mischief, the other all for ioye that cries:
I smile to see me scorneid so, you weape for ioye to see me woe,
And I a harte by Loue slaine deade, presenes in place of Pompeis head.

O cruell happ, and harde estate, that foortheth me to loue my so,
Accursed bē so soule a fate, my choyse for to prefirre it so:
So long to fight with secret soze, and finde no secret lalue therefore,
Some urge their paine by plaint I finde, but I in bain doo breathe my

FINIS. E. Ox.

(winder.

86

His mynde not quietly settled, he writheth thus.

80
En as the waxe doeth melte, or dewe consume awaie
Before the Sunne, so I behold through carefull thoughts decaie:
For my besste lucke leads me, to suche sinister state,
That I doe waste with others Loue, that hath my selfe in hate.
And he that beats the bushe, the wished birde not getts.
But suche I see as stich still, and holds the soulyng netts.

The Drone more Honie sucks, that laboureth not at all,
Then doeth the Bee, to whose moſte paine, least pleasure doeth befall:
The Gardner lowes the seeds, whereof the flowers doe growe,
And others yet doe gather them, that tooke leſſe paine I knowe.
So I the plealaunt Grape haue pulled from the Vine,
And yet I languishe in greate thirste, while others drinke the wine.

Thus like a wofull wight, I wone the webb of woe,
The more I would weedē out my care's, the more they seeme to grove:
The whiche betokeneth, forsaken is of me,
That with the carefull Culuer climes, the worne and withered tree.
To entertaine my thoughts, and there my happy to mone,
That never am leſſe idle loe, then when I am alone.

FINIS. E. Ox.

Thas

87

That Loue is requited by disdaime.

81

In seache of thyngs that secret are, my mated muse began,
What it might be, molested moste the head and mynde of man.
The bendyng brow of princes face, to whathe that doeth attende,
Want of parents, wife or childe, or losse of faichfull frende.
The rozyng of the Canon shor, that makes the peece to shake,
Want of terour such as mighty loue, from heauen aboue can make.
All these in fine maie not compare experiance so doeth poure,
Unto the tormentes sharpe and strange, of such as be in loue.

Loue lookes a lost and laughs to scorne all such as grefe anoye.
The more extreme their passions be, the greater is his ioye,
Thus Loue as victor of the felde, triumphs aboue the rest,
And ioyes to see his subiects lye, with liuyng death in brest.
But dire disdaime letteth draine a shaft, and gauls this braggyng foole,
He plucks his plumes, borbendes his bowe and sees hym newe to scote,
Wherby this boye, that bragged late, as conquerer over all,
Now yelds hym self unto disdaime his bessall and his chall.

FINIS. W. Hammis.

Of a contented state.

In wealth we se some wealthise men, abound in wealth moste welthely,
In wealth we se those men again, in wealth do live moste wretchedly.
And yet of wealth hauyng more stote,
These welthy men do seeme to want, thei seeme to want p'most thei haue.
The more posses, the more thei craue, the more thei craue y' greater stote
That moste thei haue, thei thinke but skane.

Yet not content, wo be therefore,
The simple men that lesse wealth haue with lesser wealth we se content,
Content are thei twixt wealth and stote, a life to lead indifferent.

And thus of wealth these men haue more,

Then those of whiche we spoke before.

FINIS. W. Hammis.

82
L.S.

Beyng

The Paradise

Beyng disdained, he complaineth.

83

If frendlesse falche us gilcelle thought male shielde,
If simple truthe that never meant to swarue:
If deare desire accepted fruitt doe yelde,
If greedie luste in loyall life doeth sarue.
Then maie my plainte bewaile my heauie haarme:
That seekyng calme, haue stumpled on the storme.

My wonced cheare, eclipsed by the cloude,
Of deepe disdaine, through errour of reporte:
If wearie woe entwapped in the shionde,
Lies slaine by tonge of the unfriendly sorke.
Yet heauen and yeart, and all that Nature wrought,
I call to hewe of my unspotred thought.

No shade I seeke in parte, to shield my taunce,
But simple truthe, I haue no other succe:
On that I gape, the issue of my plainte,
If that I quaille, let Justice me confute.
If that my place, emong's the gilcelle sorke,
Repaire by dome, my name and good reporte.

Goe heauie verse, pursue desired grace,
Wher pictie synde in cell of secret brest:
Awakes my haste, the rightfull lot to place,
And loches to see, the gilcelle man opprest.
Whose vertues greate, hath crounde her more batch fame:
Then kyngly face, though largely shone the same.

. FINIS. L. Vaux.

84

Almes Opuscula
Of the meane estate,
The higher that the Cedar tree, unto the heauens doe groine,
The more in daunger is the soy, when furdie winds gan blowe,

232

1.1

Wise.

Who Judges then in princely thron, to her deuise of hate,
Doeth not yet knowe, what heapes of ill lies hid in such estate.
Suche dangers great, suche gripes of minde, suche toyle doth sustaine
That often tymes, of God ther wiſhe, to bee vnyngd again.

For as the huge and mightie rockes, withſtandē the ragyng ſeaſ,
So kyngdomes in ſubiection bee, whereaſ dame Fortune pleaser
Of brittle ioye, of ſmiflyng cheare, of Manie ure with Gall,
Alothed is to every Prince, in freedom to bee thall.
What watches long, what ſteps unsure, what gripes and care of minde
What bitter broiles, what endleſſe toiles, to kyngdomes bee aſſingd.

The ſubiect then maie well compare, with prince ſoſ pleasant daies,
Whose ſilente nighe bryngs quiet reſt, whose ſteps no ſtorme bewrayes:
How muche bee we, then bounde to God, in hoſtiche prouiſon makes,
To late our cares vpon the Prince, thus doeth he ſo our ſakes.
To hym therefore, let vs lifte vp our harts, and praie & maide,
That every Prince that he hath plaff, maie long in quiet raigne.

¶ Of a contented mynde.

When all is doen and ſated, in the ende thus ſhall you finde,
The moſte of all doeth hath in blude, that hath a quiet minde:
And cleare from mynble careſ, to deame can bee contenc.
The sweetest tyme, in all thiſ life, in thinking to bee spent,
The bodie ſubiecte is, to ſickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of mishappys, is caſuall every hower:
And death in tymc doeth chaunge it to a clodde of claiſ,
When as the mynde whiche is deuine, runnes neuer to decaie.

Companiſ none is like, unto the mynde alone,
For many haue been harmde by ſpeach, through thinking few or noner
Fewe often tymes reſtraineſ words, but makſ not thoughtes to ceale,
And he ſpeakſ beſte that hath the ſkill, when ſo to holde his peace.

Lij.

Dur.

The Paradise

Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinshipe at the graue,
But vertues of the mynde, vnto the heauenis with vs haue:
Therefore for vertues sake, I can be well contene,
The sweetest cyme of all my life, to deeme in thinking spent.

To haue a fained frende, no perill like I finde,
Ost fleryng face maie mantell best, a mischies in the minder:
A paire of angels ears ost tymes, doeth hide a serpencs harte,
Under whose gripes who so doeth come, to late complaines the smart.
Wherfore I doe advise, who so doeth frende frende so,
As though to morrowe next he shalld become a mortall so.

Refuse respecting frends, that courtly knowe to fayne,
For gold that winnes for golde, shall lose, the self same frende againe;
The Quaile needes never feare, in fowlers nettes to fall,
If he would never bende his care to listen to his call.
Therefore trut not to lone, but when you frende frende so,
As though to morrow we next, ye scarr fog to become a so.

He renounceth all the affectes of Love.

Like as the Harte that lifceth vp his eares,
To heare the hounds,that hath hym in the chaser:
Doeth cast the winde,in daungers and in feares.

With flyng foote, to passe awaie apace,
So must I flie of Loue the vaine pursure,
Wherof the gaine is lesser then the fruite.

And I also must loche those learyng looks,
Wher Loue doeth lurke still with his subtill slait,
Wich painted mockes, and inward hidden hoks,
To crapp by trust, that lieth not inwaite.
The ende whereof assaie ic who so shall,
As sugred smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I must flie suche Cirian songes,
Wherewith that Circes, Clisses did enchaunte:
These wilie Wattes I meane, wих fyled tonges,
That harts of steele, haue power to daunt,
Who so as Hauke, that stoupeth to their call,
For moste desarte, receiueth least of all.

But woe to me that first behelde these eyes,
The trapp wherein I saie, that I was taner
An onward salue, whiche inward me destroies,
Whereto I runne, as Rat unto her bane.
As to the fishe, sometyme ic doeth befall,
That with the baite, doth swallow hooke and al.

Within my breast, wherewich I daiely feed,
The vaine repast of amourous hott desire:
With loicryng lust, so long that hath me feed,
Till he hath brought me to the flamyng fire.
In tyme as Phenix ends her care and carks,
I make the fire, and burne my self with sparks.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Bethinking hym self of his ende, writech thus. 102rs.

When I beholde the biler, my laste and postyng horse,
That bare shall to the graue, my vile and carren corse.
Then saie I seely wretche, why doest thou put thy trusse,
In lyngs eithe made of claye, that lone will tourne to duste,

L. iii.

Doest

The Paradise

Doest thou not see the young, the hardie and the faire,
That now are paste and gone, as though they never were?
Doest thou not see thy self, drawe hourly to thy laste,
As sharts whiche that is shotte, at birds that flich faste.

Doest thou not see how death through smoteth with his launce,
Some by warre, some by plague, and some with worldie chaunce:
What thyng is there on yearth, for pleasure that was made,
But goeth moe swifte awaie, then doeth the Sommer shade.

Loe here the Sommer floure, that sprong this other daie,
But Winer weareth as faste, and bloweth cleane awaie.
Euen so shal thou consume, from youtch to lodeyne age,
For death he doeth nos' spare, the prince moe then the page.

Thy house shall be of clate, a clotte vnder thy hedde,
Untill the latter daie, the graue shall be thy bedde:
Untill the blowynge trumpe, doeth saie to all and some,
Rise vp out of your graue, for now the Judge is come.

EJNIS. L. Vane

Beyng in Loue, he complaineth.

89
*In this sonnet will be found a good example of the
use of the blank verse.*
E Mforst by loue and feare, to please and not offend,
Within the wolds you would me write, a message must I leue:
A wofull errande sure, a wretched man muste write,
A impeched tale, a wodall head, besometh to endise.

For what can he but walle, that hath but all he mould,
And yet that all is nought at all, but lacke of all he shoud:
But lacke of all his myndes, what can be greater grieve,
That haue and lacke, that like a hym best, must nedis be mooste mischiefe.

Now foole what makes thee walle, yet some mighte late full well,
That halle no harme but of thy self, as thou thy self canst telli:
To whom I aunswere thus, since all my harmes doe growe,
Upon my self, so of myself, some happy maie come to crowe.

of daintie denises.

45

And since I see bothe happ, and harme betids to me,
For present woe, my after blisse, will make me not forget chee:
Who hath a fielde of golde, and maie not come therin,
But liue in hope till he haue forse, his treasure well to winne.

Whose ioyes by hope of dread, to conquerre or to lose,
So great a wealch doeth rise, and for example doeth disclose,
To winne the golden fleshe, staode Jason not in drede,
Till that Medeas hope of helpe, did giue hym hope to sped.

Pet sure his mynde was muche, and yet his feare the more,
That hath no happ but by your helpe, maie happ for to restore:
The ragyng Bulls he dread, pet by his Ladies charme,
He knewe it might be broughte to passe, thei could doe little harme.

Unto whose grace yelde he, as I doe offer me,
Into your hands to haue his happ, not like hym for to be:
But as kyng Pyramis, did binde hym to the will,
Of Cressed false whiche hym forsoke, with Diomed to spill.

So I to you commende my faische, and eke my ioye,
I hope you will not bee so false, as Cressed was to Troyet
For if I bee untrue, her Lazares death I wishe,
And eke in thee if thou bee false, her clapper and her dishe.

FINIS. R. L.

T

155 Beyng in trouble, he writteþ thus.

90

I

terrors crapp with thraldomme thralle,
Their thornie thoughts to calle and crie:
In conscience cleare from cause vnjuste,
With carpyng teares did call and crie.
And saied O God, pet thou art he,
That can and will deliuert me.

Bis.

Thus trembyng therewith teares I crodd,
To sorre tide in truches defens:

Witch

The Paradise

With sighes and sobs, I said O God, an ynglyf goddest I wold say
Let right not haue this recompence, ut, Mild ymre, qui, souf malice,
Lest that my foes might laugh to se, iam sas, solop la soler a dud deus
That thou wouldest not deliuer me. *Bis.* *and so llytelycynne in this singe*

My soule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torn,
And did bewaile the losse ic wanne,
With lochsome life so long sorlorne.
And said O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.* *and so llytelycynne in this singe*

Then comfort came with clothes of ioye,
Whose semes were faithfull stedfastnesse;
And did bedecke the naked boye,
That erst was full of wretchednesse.
And said he glad for God is he,
That shortly will deliuer thee. *Bis.* *and so llytelycynne in this singe*

FINIS. W. H. [unnis]

91
Be thy troublid in mynde, he
writeth as followeth.

The bitter sweate that straines my yelde harte,
The carelesse count, that doeth the same emacer:
The doubtfull hope, to reape my due desarte,
The pensiue pathe that gibus my cellessie race,
Are at suche warre within my wounded brest,
As doeth bereue my ioye and eke my rest.

My greedie will, that seekes the golden gaine,
My lucklesse lot, doeth alwaie take in worche:
My mated mynde, that dreades my fates in vaine,
My piteous plaint, doeth helpe to set ic forche.
So that betwene two waues of ragyng seas,
I drisse my daies in troubles and desase.

of daintie deuises.

My wofull eyes doe take their chief delighte,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasaunt maze:
My hidden harmes that groome in me by sight,
With pinyng paines, doe drue me fro the gaze.
And to my hope I reape no other hire,
But burne my self, and I doe blowe the fire.

FINIS. I. Haywood.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in suertie safe wile sitt,
If thou delight at resse to dwell,
Spende no more words then shall seeme fitt, *saiē nothinge*
Let conge in silence talke expell,
In all thing's that thou seest men bent,
See all, saie nougat, holde thee content.

In worldly woorkes degrees are threes,
Makers, doers, and lookers on:
The lookers on haue libertie,
Bothe the others to iudge vpon,
Wherfore in all, as men are bent,
See all, saie nougat, holde thee content.

The makers ofte are in faulce founde,
The doers doubt, of praise or shame:
The lookers on finde surest grounde,
They haue the fruice, yet free from blame;
This doeth perswade in all here men,
See all, saie nougat, holde thee content.

The Prouerbe is not South and West,
Whiche hath bee saied, long tyme agoe:
Of little medlyng cometh rest,
The busie man never wanteth woe,
The besse wate is, in all worlds sent,
See all, saie nougat, holde thee content.

FINIS. Jasper Heywood.

P.J.

Thought

The Paradise

Though Fortune have set thee on hiſ,
Remember yet that thou ſhalt die.

To loſes

To die, Dame nature did man frame, not nature but ſinne
Death is a thyng moſte perfecte ſure:
We ought not natures workes to blame,
She made nothyng ſtill to endure.
That lawe ſhe made, when we were borne,
That hence we ſhould reourne againe;
To render right, we muſt not ſcorne,
Death is due debt, it is no paine.

The ciuill lawe doeth bid reuore,
That thou haſt taken vp of crufte:
Thy life is lent, thou muſt therefore,
Repaire, except thou be uniuſte.
This life is like a pointed race,
To the ende wherof when man hath trode,
He muſt reourne to former place,
He maie not ſtill remaine abyode.

Death hath in all the yearch a right,
His power is greate, it ſtretcheth farre:
No Loſe, no Prince, can ſcape his wight,
No creature can his duelle barre,
The wiſe, the wiſt, the wrong, the right,
The chal, the meke, the free of hart,
The riche, the poore, who can deuine,
Pane yeldeſ all unto his daſce.

Could Hercules that tambe eche wight?
Dyſ Uſſes wiſh his witter?
Dy Janus who had all foreſight?
Dy chal Hypolit ſcape the pitte?
Could Cresus wiſh his bagges of golde?
Dy Itrus wiſh his hungrye paine?
Dy Siganus through his hardinenelle bolde?
Dyue backe the daies of Death againe.

dyued

. 18.

Seyng

Seyng no man then can Death escape,
Nor hire hym hence for any gaine:
Wee ought not feare his cartaine shafe,
He onely bryngs euell men to paine,
If thou haue ledde thy life a right,
Death is the ende of miserie:
If thou in God hast thy delighe,
Thou diest to live eternallie.

Eche wricht therefore while he lynes here,

Let hym thinke on his dyng daies:
In midſt of wealthe, in midſt of chere,
Let hym accompt he must awaie.
This thought makes man to God a frende,
This thought doeth vanishe pride and lygne:
This thought doeth bryng a man in thende,
Where be of Death the field shall winne.

FINIS: T. Marshall.

The complaint of a Synder.

O Heauenly God, O Father deare, cast doune thy tender eye,
Upon a wretche that prostrate here before thy throno doeth lyze:
O powre thy precious oyle of grace, into my wounded harte,
O let the droppe of mercie smage the rigour of my smarte.

My faintyng soule suppressed soze with carefull clogges of synne,
In humble soze submitts it selfe thy mercie for to winne;
Grant mercie then O Sauour sweete, to me moſte wofull chall,
Whose moynfull criſe to thee, O Loyde, doeth ſtill for mercie call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised, upon a ſtubborne mynde,
And to the ſwaiſe of worldly thynges my ſelfe I haue enclinde:
Forgetting heauen and heauely powers, where God & ſaints do dwell,
My life had like to tread the pathe that leads the waie to hell.

But now my Loyde my lode ſtarre blythe, I will no more doe fo,
Loþynke upon my former life, my harte doeth melte for woe:
Alas I ſigh, alas I ſobbe, alas I doe repente:
That euer my licencious will, ſo wickedly was bent.

The Paradise

Sith thus therefore with yernfull plaint, I doe thy mercie crame,
O Lorde for thy greate mercies sake, let me thy mercie haue:
Restore to life the wretched soule, that els is like to die,
So shall my voyce unto thy name, syng praise eternallie.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holie Ghoste, by whom all thyngs are doen:
Blesse me O blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after deach my soule maie haue in heauen a dwellyng place.

FINIS. F. Kynclermarsh.

The fruite that sprynges from wilfull misse is ruthe and ruinerage:
And sure what heedeless youth committes, repentaunce rues it age.

Rage in restlesse ruthe, and rutns rule my daies,
I rue (to late) my rechlesse youtb, by rules of reasongs waies;
I ranne so long a race, in searche of surest wate,
That leasure learnde me tread the trace, that ledde to leude deacie.
I gaue so large a raine, to vnrestrained bitt,
That now with prooife of after paine, I wile my want of witt:
I trifled so the the tyme, with trust to self conceites,
Whilst plenties vse prickt for the my prime, to search for sugred baites
Wherin once Icarde to finde, I founde so swete a taste,
That due forslight of after speede, self will esteemed waste,
Whiche will through wilfulness, hath wrought my wiclesse fall,
And heedeless youtches buskynnesse, hath lapt my life in thall,
Wherby by prooife I knowe, that pleasure breedeth paine,
And he that enill seede doeth so we, enill fruite must reape againe.
Let suche therfore whose youtb, and purses are in prime,
Foresee and shun the helpelesse ruthe, whiche sues misspence of tyme,
For want is nexte to waste, and shame doeth synne ensue,
Enill speedynge prooife hath heedeless hastie, my self have proued to true,
Whyn neighbours nexte house burnes, is tyme therof take heede,
For fortunes wheele hath choise of turnes, whiche change of chances
My saltie hath been a loste, though now I beare but lowe, (breede
Who climbs so high selde falleth softe, dedis ebbe hath highest flowe,

FINIS. g. Yloop.

